
CHEFS D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
GEORGE BARRIE & SON
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1900
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CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

OF THE

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

1900

EDITION

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EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

ART AND ARCHITECTURE
BY
W. WALTON

APPLIED ART
BY
V. CHAMPIER

CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE
BY
A. SAGLIO

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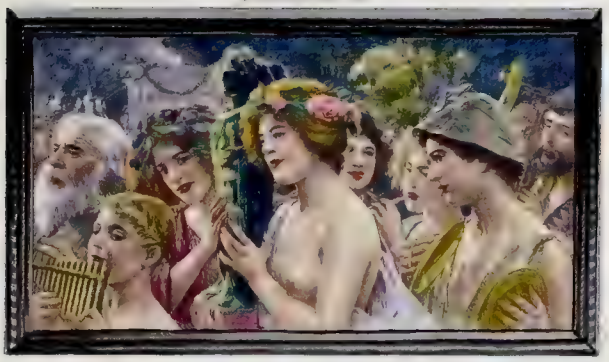
ARISTIDE G. SARTORIS

THE GORGON AND THE HEROES

FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR



THE ART OF ITALY

Those symptoms of general revival, or of new births, of artistic impulses and illumination, which are believed to be so prevalent in many countries, even a few of the newest and those most severely tried in their histories, appear to be lacking in some of the older European nations, those with the most glorious traditions,—indeed, a general chorus of mispraise has greeted the art exhibits of Italy, Spain, and Portugal in the great Exposition. In this commiseration are mingled the voices of both friendly and alien races; the unfavorable diagnosis is pronounced in various languages, but with a singular unanimity. The French, who so

frankly discuss their own "decadence," are even more outspoken concerning their Southern neighbors. "If any one expects,"—says M. Grosjean-Maupin, in an article on *la peinture étrangère* in the Grand Palais,—"in passing from the French Decennial to the foreign Decennial, to find something new and unforeseen, he is preparing for himself a singular surprise, for there is to be seen there scarcely anything but the already seen. This can be readily explained; France plays to-day the rôle which Italy filled during the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, she is the rendezvous of the artists of the whole world, and the greater number of foreign artists come to seek at Paris, if not the principles of their art and their technical education, at least reputation and fame. The best of them exhibit regularly in Paris, even when they do not live there. From this there arises frequently—as in the European art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—a character uniform, cosmopolitan, Catholic if you like, since that is the real sense of the word. The painters of the German or the Anglo-Saxon race, or tradition, succeed in general in asserting and maintaining nearly intact their ethnic originality; but the absence of all typical and vigorous national individuality is very perceptible among the Latin peoples,—nothing, absolutely nothing, unless it be the varying amount of talent, differentiates the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian galleries from the French. There are not always the same qualities, but always the same defects,—a tendency to attract attention by the choice of subjects, the philosophical or literary intent, and, above all, by the exaggerated dimensions of the canvases, the commonplace technical skill utterly destitute of all sincerity." Henri Franz, writing on the Grands Prix of the Exposition, says, in English: "As is too often the case with nations possessing a glorious past, the Italian section must not be visited with any memories in mind of the serene dignity which is stamped on the works of the old masters, and which testifies to a period when Italy's sun illumined the world. History teaches us that the most splendid civilization of each country is eclipsed in its turn, if only for a

time; and this time for Italy has lasted from the end of the seventeenth century to the present day. The same remark is applicable to other nations which have had their day of glory, as Greece and Spain; only an exceptional work here and there can attract us. In these sections, we give up all hope of admiring anything as a whole. Effort is frittered; the national life finds no expression in art; we find here nothing but the presentment of a manner which is fast becoming common property, and is the outcome of a cosmopolitan age created by modern science and industry. Such countries as Italy, Spain, and Portugal are exhausted, it would seem; they waste themselves on pictures of incident and genre, neglecting too often all sense of the picturesque and of local color, and indifferent to the character of the country or any distinctive traits of the race."

M. Marguillier bears testimony to the same effect in his review of the foreign art in the Decennial exhibition: "For the countries of the Midi, Spain, Portugal, Italy; alas! they are those the emptiest of interesting and truly artistic works. . . . Italy, notwithstanding a few good examples and a greater facility, seems also to be exhausted. It is, very nearly, the same false interpretation of color and tone, the same slothful routine, the same superficiality, without real emotion, before nature and life, felt and observed, it would seem, only with regard to the external aspects, the anecdotic side." Signor Vittorio Pica, in a résumé of the art of his own country for the last five years, is as severe as the foreign critics: "The inauguration of the first international exhibition of works of art at Venice, on the 4th of March, 1895, marks an important date in the history of the arts in Italy. The painters and the sculptors of this country, with a few noble exceptions, had allowed themselves to be overcome by a profound apathy. Renouncing all effort at originality, and abusing their native gifts, they had fallen into the habit of producing works of a superficial charm, of a *virtuosité* monotonous and musty. The public, for its part, became less and less interested in works of art, and the exhibitions, opened periodically in the cities of the Peninsula, saw their galleries

almost always deserted." A recent English review of Mr. Ashton Rollins Willard's *History of Modern Italian Art* sums up the situation in these words: "There is no doubt that for generations Italian art has been at a lower ebb than is the misfortune of the art of any other nation of recognized refinement and culture; but even in its degradation it has never been wholly without evidence of the fine spirit that animated it in the past, or without a few executants of high powers of accomplishment who stood forth from the debased mass. It is, perhaps, not an unnatural impulse to denounce as incompetent a whole class, a whole nation, when the general effect of a display is poor. It must be admitted that if Italy suffers from such misjudgment, the fault is in great measure her own. At the recent Brussels International Exhibition, for example, her display of painting was contemptible and pitiable, and only her sculpture saved appearances in the honors list." With a few exceptions among the landscape painters, the Italians are declared by other writers to lack a "poetic feeling for nature," "both in their art and their literature"; the modern art of the country is declared to have become "a by-word," because of the prevalence of the commercial element; "taken as a whole, it must be confessed that though in matters of technique, for example, it can stand a comparison with foreign art, broadly speaking, in matters of thought, of invention, and of poetic feeling, it is scarcely on an equality." "*Trop de marchandise*" has been the phrase in the Paris Salons when the Italian pictures came up for discussion: nor are these criticisms all of recent date,—at the Exposition of 1855, Edmond About, in his *Voyage à travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts*, called Italy "the grave of painting"; at that of 1862, in England, Burger wrote: "Renowned Italy and proud Spain have no longer any painters who can rival those of other schools. There is nothing to be said about the rooms where the Italians, Spanish, and Swiss are exhibited." "The sun of Italy has not grown paler," says Professor Muther; "the Gulf of Baiæ shines with its old brightness; the mighty oaks of Lerici still grow luxuriantly; the marvels of Michael Angelo

ARISTIDE G. SARTORIS

DIANA OF EPHESUS AND THE SLAVES

PHOTOGRAVURE

and Titian still hang in the galleries; and it is only the painting of Italy that has nothing any longer of that lofty majesty in the shadow of which the world lay in the sixteenth century: it has become petty, worldly, and frivolous."

But, as the last-named critic points out, very judiciously, it is to be set down to the credit of the moderns, oppressed by the wealth of old masterpieces, that they have created a style of their own, instead of restraining themselves to the activity of mere copyists and imitators; if their art presents a specious glitter, a factitious lightness of heart and brilliancy of gay tones, a notable deficiency in deeper sentiment and a true appreciation of the life of the nation, it may very well be because of the exigencies of their situation and the national poverty which forbade them to hope for purchasers at home, either public or private, and compelled them to cater to the tastes of the tourists and the foreign dealer. Moreover,—which the writers on art, big and little, do *not* say,—there is a vast amount of humbug in the modern "sentiment" in art; the life of "the people," and their dumb yearnings and aspirations, real or imputed, are no more the legitimate themes for the painter and the sculptor than the most frivolous or fictitious pageant of the eighteenth or the nineteenth

century; and when Michetti, Dalbono, Rossi Campriani, or Favretto render with all the *brio* of their technique the riotous, sparkling, sunshiny world upon which Fortuny first lifted the curtain, they are quite as much within their artistic rights as if they occupied themselves with a sombre and more truthful rendering of the daily life around them. The province of art is not restricted either to mere facts or to popular majorities; and a very distinct contribution to that desirable quantity, the gaiety of nations, has been the work of some of the most brilliant of these Neapolitan, Venetian, and Roman painters. Their development of this modern, national art, no longer papal or ecclesiastical, has been accomplished during the present generation; at the International Exposition of 1867, these new tendencies and aspirations first manifested themselves. They are quite fairly well represented at that of 1900, and the number of works of talent and technical skill is considerable. Some of the more familiar names are missing from the catalogue, and those canvases which most strongly display the influence of Fortuny—whose mantle has fallen more peculiarly upon the Neapolitan painters—are not nearly so much in evidence as they would have been a few years ago.

The international exhibition at Venice in 1895, so important an event in the national history, owed its existence largely to the initiative of two eminent men of letters, Ricardo Selvatico and Antonio Fradeletto; the painters and the sculptors, inspired by the sight of the productions of their contemporaries in other lands, felt the genius of Italy once more stirring within them. This exhibition has been succeeded by others; three biennial ones at Venice, less important ones at Florence, Milan, and Turin, in 1896, 1897, and 1898. Those in Florence have been given under the auspices of the Florentine Artists' Club, which erected an exhibition building of its own, and invited distinguished foreigners to compete with them for international prizes. The painters of Italy, though possessing naturally many traits in common, are divided into various groups affiliated more or less strongly by the local influences of their natal provinces, or

ETTORE TITO

THE PROCESSION

PHOTOGRAVURE

of those in which they have acquired their technical education. Of these, the Neapolitans have long been one of the most interesting, and are at the present day considered to stand at the head of the national art movement, under the leadership of Domenico Morelli and Filippo Palizzi, the latter, unfortunately, not represented at the Paris Exposition. For the last twelve or fifteen years, a very large portion of the popular favor, at home and abroad, has been enjoyed by these artists,—Altamura and Netti, recently deceased, Boschetto, who no longer paints, and Miola, who, all four, render Roman scenes; Di Chirico, who also died young, Dalbono, Volpe, Caprile, Migliano, Postiglione, and Montefusco, painters of social episodes of the day and of Neapolitan themes; Cortese, who occupies himself with large scenic landscapes; Esposito, with marines; Vetri, with color symphonies; Giuseppe de Sanctis, with graceful *mondanités*, and Francesco Mancini, with sporting scenes. But this popular favor suddenly deserted them, and now they are reproached with the superficiality of their charm,—as are also the Sicilian painters, the landscapist Lojacono, the genre painter De Maria-Bergler, and the renderer of the grotesque and weird, Reina. Morelli and his equally popular pupil, Paolo Michetti, have both received medals of gold at the Paris Exposition; both of them were the sons of day laborers, and both possibly owe much of the originality and individuality of their art to their total freedom from academic training. The former exhibits one of his long series of Scriptural subjects, to which he owes much of his reputation, which have been considered to be revolutionary in their "imaginative naturalism,"—in the present instance, the *Christ in the Desert*, the beauty of thin, decorative color seems to accord well with the long, decorative composition and but poorly with the realistic design of the figures. The Saviour, a very undivine personage, in spite of His shining white garment, sits in a rocky landscape, swimming in the haze of midsummer heat; to Him appear two pretty blonde maidens, in beautiful blue gowns, bearing fruit and wine, and who may be either angels or emissaries of the Devil.

Very differently conceived and rendered are many of his other canvases, of which a characteristic example and one of the best known, as it is considered to be possibly the finest example of his creative power in color, is the *Temptation of Saint Anthony*. The hermit, a strong black-bearded young Arab, sits on the ground in his cave, his knees drawn up and his hands clutching at his robe in his efforts at self-repression; in the dusky depths beyond, the angles of the rocks change into smiling feminine heads with lustrous red hair, another suddenly appears under an upraised fold of the straw matting that covers the floor, and at his very feet the edge of this matting lifts itself to allow to struggle out a plump, half-naked temptress whose laughing head on the ground is half concealed by the bottom of his robe. Whether they are the mere visions of a mental hallucination or actual, tangible agents sent by the Fiend, these partially revealed figures are presented with a curious dramatic vividness. In Michetti's exhibit may be found much more striking surprises to those who know only his brilliant presentations of southern life in masquerade, in sunshine, and perpetual fête, or his small canvases finely finished and wrought out with determined nicety. In two immense, long paintings, in browns and whites and quite disagreeable in color, he presents scenes of peasant or gipsy life, the beggars by the way-side exhibiting their deformities, a very curious procession of young girls, naked children, and clergy, carrying living serpents which coil threateningly around chubby limbs and necks. His more familiar methods are represented partially by an interesting study of a peasant and by a *Return from Mass*, very carefully finished. Caprile sends a street scene in the "old Naples," very good in the grays, and awarded a bronze medal; Cortese, a landscape under a gray sky; Mancini, a larger one, a view from the mountain top; Lojacono, two others, one of them a pleasant study of greenery on the skirts of a forest. To these names, as members of this school, may be added those of Campriani, Pratella, Farneti, and Rossano, landscape painters, the last named

like Tofano and the well-known De Nittis, having been long resident in Paris.

The Venetian painters share with the Neapolitans a certain facility and charm of technical methods and a vivacity of color; they have also, as Signor Pica points out, "the dangerous advantage of having always before their eyes one of the most beautiful and most picturesque scenes in the world, and, only too frequently, a tendency toward a mannered and *banal* method of painting." One of the most illustrious members of this group, Giacomo Favretto, died in 1887 in his prime, and a collection of his works has recently been placed on exhibition in Venice;

CESARE LAURENTI. NEW PUBLISHING

of the painters who most nearly share his gifts of keen and somewhat malicious observation and brilliant technique the best are Milesi, Zezzos, Bressanin, and Ettore Tito,—the last named, the only one appearing in the Paris Exposition, manifesting also a disposition to occasionally enlarge the size of his canvases and the field of his art. His five pictures in the Grand Palais vary through a tolerably long scale,—a large, gray view on *The Lake*, another, in warm light, on the lagoon, another large canvas, Vecchia Peschiera, and two which are more acceptable to the general public, a stately church procession, and the exceedingly clever and artistic *Chioggia*, with its sprightly defile of slim young girls. As a piece of painter's craftsmanship, there are few more interesting than this last in all these art galleries, and the jury have awarded Signor Tito a medal of gold. M. Marguillier, however, finds these scenes of Venetian life but "mere *trompe l'œil* in a conventional light." The graceful Venetian laundresses and other maids, not generally as youthful and slim as these of the *Chioggia*, have also admirers among other painters, Passini, Cecil Van Haanen, Charles Ulrich, Eugene Blaas, and more, of various nationalities. Of these artists who dwell on the Adriatic, one of the most notable of those who have endeavored to break away from the national limitations and launch into the wider seas navigated by the foreigners, is Cesare Laurenti, his most important work, a parable of human life, being comparatively well known by reproductions. In this long canvas, divided into two sections in the centre, the middle distance is occupied by a long porch or gallery, traversing the front of a building of which only the lower walls are seen, and lighter and more cheerful on the left, where the procession begins, than on the right, where it ends. Up the short flight of steps on the left hastens a group of young girls, aging rapidly as they ascend, the youngest, still on the ground below, being a child; at the head of the stairs are the lovers awaiting them, kisses and embraces; then, through the open window, glimpses of matronly household duties. In the right-hand portion prevail the sedateness

JOUANA ROMANI-CARLESIMO

SALOMÉ

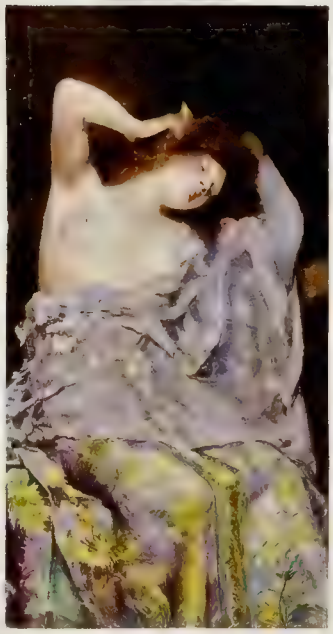
PHOTOGRAVURE

and melancholy of middle life and old age; down the stairway of exit comes a slow procession headed by a bent old dame walking slowly with a stick. As will be seen, the conception is ingenious, but trivial. At the exhibition of 1897, Laurenti was represented by another departure, now in Paris, a *Floraison Nouvelle,* a large decorative panel painted in pale flat tones, in which three nude figures dance in a greenish-gray landscape. This exhibit has been awarded a silver medal. At the 1899 exhibition at Venice appeared an important work now to be seen in Paris, the *Sorrowful Vision* of Giuseppe Mentessi, somewhat modern and dramatic in its symbolism, the painter having exhibited a mystic *Virgin* in 1897; and more of this travail of the imagination appears in some of the works of Silvio Rotta, the *Abandoned Walls* and *Wandering Souls.* His scene in the courtyard of a madhouse, in the Grand Palais, while judiciously restrained, is uncomfortably vivid in its presentation of types. The *Ames Errantes* is curiously *saisissant,*—in a little gray space enclosed by two old plaster walls meeting at a right angle are seen the backs of gray figures fluttering closely along the wall toward a dark doorway in the angle.

An almost equal charm of mystery and imagination may be found in the landscapes of some of these amphibious painters; Pietro Fragiacomo has a reputation for the poetical melancholy of his sunsets, of which he has two at the Exposition, good in color and awarded a silver medal; Bartolommeo Bezzi has recently conceived a passion for effects of rain and mist, as in his *Day of Fasting* in the Grand Palais, with its red shawl shining through the misty day in the fish-market, also awarded a silver medal; and Guglielmo Ciardi, represented here by a good *Autumn Morning,* paints scenes on the lagoons which are well received by the critics and the public. Luigi Nono, best known by his impressive *Refugium Peccatorum,*—the poor wayfarer kneeling at the feet of the statue on the gray causeway,—is not represented in Paris; but Angelo dall' Oca-Bianca, who has also sought a new inspiration and technique without recovering

his former popularity, sends an interesting painting with warm lights, which has received a silver medal and which he calls *Les Amours des Ames*, a young girl kneeling in a cemetery. Among the decorators, the Venetians enumerate with pride Vincenzo de Stefani and Giuseppe Vizotto-Alberti, who have carried out with much spirit and bravura large mural paintings in the great hall of the Provincial Council of Venice. Also, there is much the most widely known of them all, Giovanni Boldini, of Ferrara, Paris, New York, and other cities, most able exponent of the "Italian method,"—as it is termed in singing and acting,—also qualified as "decadent," who, in addition to four or five portraits in his usual style (Mr. Whistler, Madame Schneider, tall and supple, the Comte de Montesquiou, gazing at the head of his cane), exhibits a little landscape, in his old manner, the colonnade of the park of Versailles, and a very excellent study of a Spanish dancer, in grays lit up by one red shawl. Mention should also be made of Mariano Fortuny, the son of the illustrious Spaniard but now naturalized Italian, who in paintings, pastels, and etchings manifests much of his father's vivacity and courage but not so much of his knowledge and discretion. To the exhibition in Florence in 1897 he sent a *Dance of the Spirits of the Garden*, an ingenious composition of nymphs, flowers, and flying spiral draperies.

The painters of the capital of united Italy cannot be said to have any peculiar traits of inspiration in common which would justify the classification by themselves into one school, neither at the present day nor in the past,—the number of commercial "Roman water-colors," largely executed in the evening costume classes of the large art schools, which have flooded the picture market, not being worthy of consideration. Some thirteen years ago a small group of these Roman painters formed a society among themselves, which took for device: *In Arte libertas*, and in the recurring exhibitions of which have been seen most of the contemporary productions worthy of consideration; the bond which unites them is a justifiable contempt for the commercial art of the day—for which



Fortuny is largely held responsible, and a tendency toward the idealism of other nations and especially toward that of the English Pre-Raphaelism. Under this somewhat vague banner are ranged a great diversity of talents,—the "austere and subtle" Giovanni Costa, the head of the group, who does not appear at Paris; the Veronese Vincenzo Cabianca, who is considered to be delicate and sensitive, and who has received a bronze medal for his large, and very good, water-color of the day-break on a Venetian canal; the Genoese Giuseppe Raggio, Gioia, De Carolis, Morani, Parisani, and Cellini, none of whom appear in the Exposition, and Sartoris, Coleman, and Carlandi, who do. The last has a very good sunset at Rome, with large, red hills in the distance; Coleman, an equally interesting study of a rainy day over a drove of horses; and one of the most popular of all these painters, A. G. Sartoris, two large canvases, hung high, which greatly excite the interest of the general public by their unknown symbolism, and their general excellence of design. The color is not altogether satisfactory, having a tendency to run to redness in the lights and to

bitumen in the shadows; but the young painter is hailed as the standard-bearer of neo-idealism in Italy. His two pictures have for titles *The Gorgon and the Heroes*, and *Diana of Ephesus and the Slaves;* we may presume that the former presents the triumph of the beloved of Poseidon over the unsuccessful heroes before Perseus who came in search of her terrible, beautiful head; and that the second is a symbol of the mystery of the cruel impassiveness and wastefulness with all her children—men and monsters, victors and beasts—of Nature, the natural fecundity of the earth, personified by the many-breasted statue of *Diana Ephesia*. The unimaginative French critics qualify these great canvases as *machines*.

Another of these Roman painters, much appreciated by his countrymen, for his individuality and his pleasure-giving color, is Antonio Mancini, who, however, in his large portrait of a lady in the Grand Palais, has apparently not put in practice any of the unorthodox methods which he sometimes employs to obtain peculiar effects of light,—such as inserting in his pigments on the canvas bits of glass, tin, or gilded paper. Others are Jacovacci, celebrated for his picture of *Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna*, but who has long ceased to exhibit; the portrait painter, Vitelleschi, whose works in pastel are much appreciated in the exhibitions in Florence and Turin; the landscapist Vitalini; the society painter Lionne, much given to effects of violent sunlight, and the water-colorists Giuseppe Ferrari and Augusto Corelli. The last named exhibits a picture which he calls *The Mothers*, and in which, on the beach of a fishing village, the long procession of an orphan asylum, under the watchful eye of two nuns, passes a fashionably dressed mother and daughter, with many backward glances on both sides. A painter who brings to the familiar painting of church interiors, processions, etc., a most brilliant brush-work and color sense is Pio Joris, born in Rome and a pupil of the Institute of that capital, and who has received the gold medal of the discriminating Exposition Jury.

ERNEST BIONDI

SATURNALIANS—THE DECADENCE OF ROME

Life-size Group in Bronze, cire perdu

PHOTOGRAVURE

The painters of central Italy are divided by Signor Pica into three groups, the Tuscans, the Bolognese, and the Romans, of whom he cites many names, only a few of which appear in the Paris catalogues,—Luigi Gioli, Faldi, Fattori, Alberto Pasini, Mario de Maria, and Faccioli. Of the thirty Tuscan painters of repute, he says that their many canvases offer all "the same qualities and the same defects. You will find in them nearly always a fine, delicate, and very pleasant color, figures solidly constructed, groups well disposed, in which the attitudes retain a truly natural grace, a landscape sentiment not too profound, but filled with a gentle poesy. Such are the qualities that mark nearly the whole of Tuscan painting, painting sober, calm, enemy of all too audacious innovations, monotonous and a little superficial,—a painting which we may like and admire, but which very rarely carries us as far as enthusiasm,—the painting of men who are serious, prudent, well balanced, who respect the grace of form through the influence of tradition, and who, through fear of ridicule, the usual quality of new-comers, restrain themselves with an almost excessive sense of limitation." Luigi Gioli sends to Paris a study of watering farm-horses; Faldi, a genre scene; Fattori, who has been painting unmelodramatic military scenes for some twenty years, a very spirited and well painted rendering of a train of artillery on the march; Pasini the Parisian, a variation on his well-known careful little Eastern subjects, the Shah of Persia with his suite crossing the desert; Mario de Maria, or Marius Pictor, as he prefers to sign his canvases, two pictures, effects of moonlight and twilight, which scarcely seem to justify the very high praise which this author bestows upon his work in general; and Faccioli, a portrait on a long canvas.

Of the Lombards, the most famous of late years has undoubtedly been Giovanni Segantini, whom, indeed, his admirers do not hesitate to place at the head of contemporary Italian painting. In the galleries in the Grand Palais, his works occupy nearly the entire wall space of one of the important corner rooms, in addition to that given them in the outside

corridor. In the former are hung the three large Alpine landscapes, *La Natura, La Vita, La Morte,* on which he was working at the time of his death, and which, with several medallions, were to constitute a great composition by which he hoped to be represented at the Exposition. For the medallions, only the studies were made, and *La Morte* is unfinished. All these were shown in the exhibition of his works opened in Milan early in 1900, only two months after his premature death in the mountain heights of the Schafberg, where he dwelt, and from the proceeds of this exhibition it was hoped to raise sufficient funds to erect a memorial to him in the Maloja Pass, in the Upper Engadine, near his residence. His popularity was not, however, universal, and his themes,—both the more or less literal rendering of the life of the peasants, which has procured for him the title of the Italian Millet, and his curious symbolical subjects,—as well as his very peculiar *pointilliste* technique, secured for him for many years, among both the critics and the public, a very lively hostility. At this day, it would seem that both the eulogy and the hostility were overdone,—his paintings, and even his drawings, wrought out with a most prodigal outlay of labor, give very vividly the clear, high atmospheric effect of the Alpine landscape. The deep, mystical significance requires to be sought for. His painting, examined closely, resembles worsted work; his favorite method being to lay in continuous lines, straight or waving, a series of short strokes, a quarter or three-eighths of an inch in length, of almost pure color. The modelling of large masses, as of the ground or the clouds, is largely effected by the direction of these continuous lines. In the *Natura,* a very large painting, the sun is rising over the mountain edge in the lower centre of the picture, and from this centre to the top and sides of the canvas the rays are carefully drawn, radiating in multitudes of lines composed of these short strokes. The effect obtained is certainly that of luminousness, but it appears to be as true of this as of all other of these eccentric technical processes,—that but very little, or nothing, is gained over the conventional methods in

the hands of a master. No less than sixteen of his paintings and designs are here exhibited; his imaginative works nearly always take the form of female figures with infants, sitting or suspended in the branches of twisted and unhappy trees.

Also worthy of remark among these Lombard painters is the landscapist Filippo Carcano, who has been praised by Edmond de Goncourt, and who exhibits two interesting canvases. Others are Belloni, who

sends a portrait; Bazzaro, Carozzi, Conconi, and Luigi Rossi, all represented, and many others who are not. By Rossi is a melancholy canvas, a dreary gray courtyard with some silent children grouped in a corner, watching an old woman weep,—the *School of Sorrow*. Of the Piedmontese, one of the best known, and most beloved by the populace, is Giacomo Grosso, who is thought to display a real talent for color in his portraits of ladies in lively tones and in his studies of the nude; he has also acquired a *succès de scandale* by a *Death of Don Juan* which he exhibited in Venice in 1896. Of his three canvases at Paris, two are portraits, one of a lady at full length, standing under an immense copper peacock, and the third, a *Femme Nue*, luxuriously rolling on a white

bearskin. Cesare Tallone, not free from mannerisms, sends a good study of a young peasant girl; Morbelli and Pellizza, who are "tonalists," are well represented,—the former by two canvases, of which one, the interior of the hospital Trivulzio at Milan on a fête day, contrives to give a curious air of silence and desertion by its exceedingly well painted long rows of empty benches. The *Mirror of Life*, by Giuseppe Pellizza, is a pretty conceit which has won its author celebrity in half a dozen Italian exhibitions,—a long, low panel representing a little footpath causeway traversing a marsh, and across which files, from right to left, a long row of sheep,—the black ones judiciously spaced,—their twinkling legs and woolly bellies reflected in the still pool that stretches alongside. Of the other important landscape painters of this group, only Reycend and Tavernier are represented; one of the youngest of the figure painters of promise is Cesare Saccaggi, of Turin, whose pastel, *Alma Natura Ave*, hung in these galleries, is rather a clever piece of technique than a rendering of the subject.

Of the Italian painters resident in Paris, the most brilliantly equipped technically is Madame Jouana Romani-Carlesimo, a pupil of Roybet, whose work she is sometimes accused of "pastiching" by the undiscriminating admirers of that much vaunted painter. Of her admirable studies of single figures and heads, five or six are hung together in these galleries, two of them, *Salomé* and *Printemps*, owned by the French government; there is also a little *Infanta* of Spain, and the most beautiful *Fleur des Alpes*, which any painter, living or dead, would be willing to sign as his own. To Lionello Balestrieri has been awarded one of the gold medals, for his large canvas, *Beethoven*,—a studio interior with silent, attentive listeners to the master's violin,—the sentiment of the incident very skilfully conveyed in the grouping and the lighting.

Italian sculpture has attained in the present century a celebrity which is not exactly that of honorable renown, and which the efforts of more serious artists have not yet entirely dissipated. Traces of this "fatal

BARTOLOMMEO BEZZI

DAY OF FASTING

PHOTOGRAVURE

facility," of which the Genoese Campo Santo, the delight of Cook's tourists, is the most monumental example, are still to be seen in the exhibit of the Grand Palais; the sculptors, as well as the painters, excel in genre, rendered frequently with an unthinking technical skill. The classicism of Canova and the rude realism of Bartolini are held to be largely responsible for this sprightly mediocrity during the first half of the century; since the Exposition at Paris in 1851 the Italian critics have been enabled to perceive an uplifting of the art of the statuaire to which the outside world is somewhat slower to testify. The *Last Days of Napoleon*, by Vela, one of the marbles which was most significant of this new birth, will be remembered by many who have forgotten perhaps more important works of art; Monteverde and Dupré shared with Vela the triumphs of 1851, and Monteverde appeared again at the Exposition of Vienna in 1873, with a statue of Jenner, Gallori, with a Nero in feminine garments, and Civeletti with a group, *Canaris*, which confirmed these hopes. At the Exposition of Naples, in 1877, were seen the works of a group of sculptors of a certain originality, "audacious," or "seductive," Gemito, D'Orsi, Belliazzi, Franceschi, Amendola, Jerace, Barbella; but it is admitted that these high traditions were not consistently maintained, and that the representative national art frequently descended to such productions as the well-known *Diver* of Tabacchi, so numerous in plaster casts and tobacco shops, or the many examples of industrial art, miracles of undercutting. Another variation was that of the imitators of the ambitious statue of D'Orsi, *Proximus tuus!*, who filled the galleries with melodramatic and pretentious productions, coarse in execution and depressing to behold. The most demonstrative representative of these unfortunate traditions in the present Exposition is the *Saturnalia* of Erneste Biondi,—this sculptor, Erneste Bazzaro, and Vincenzo Gemito receiving the three Grands Prix awarded in this section. Signor Biondi has executed in copper or bronze, with no less than ten figures the size of life, and with almost as much expression, an illustration of the Rome of

Juvenal and Petronius,—gross fat priests, soldiers, citizens, and courtesans rioting through the streets in a long, tipsy row. Gemito, whose talent is considered to be one of the most genial and originative of the modern sculptors, has been struck with madness; in the Exposition he is represented by a collection of small bronzes, life like and spirited. Bazzaro is one of the younger men in whom the hopes of a renaissance of the art are thought to lie; with his name are associated a number of others, some of which appear in the Paris catalogues and some which do not. Among the latter is that of Giuseppe Cassioli, to whom has been entrusted the honorable commission of furnishing the new bronze door of the right entrance of the Duomo of Florence, unveiled on the day of Saint John, 1900, and of whom some of his compatriots speak as of a new Ghiberti. As a result of the competition opened in 1887, this sculptor, one of the three competitors, received the commission to execute the door on the right, and the elder artist, Passaglia, that on the left. The latter's work was unveiled in April, 1897; but has won only the title of *la Porta del Purgatorio*, in comparison with Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise" opposite it. Cassioli's is considered to be much more in the style and spirit of the cinquecento art.

Of these hope-inspiring younger men, the most illustrious are Domenico Trentacoste, Filippo Cifariello, Leonardo Bistolfi, and Paolo Troubetzkoy. The last named has already been noticed in the Russian section, where he belongs by right of birth. Trentacoste is well known in Paris and in London; one of his two works here exhibited, *Alla Fonte*, marks the date of his return to live among his compatriots after the success it scored at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1895, and it has been bought for the National Gallery in Rome. It consists only of the head and shoulders of a youth, with one hand supporting a water jar on his shoulder, but is thought to be one of the most brilliant examples of the sculptor's power of conveying a psychologic intensity of expression in his youthful faces and figures.

Of the few elder sculptors who continue to exhibit their work in popular gatherings,—instead of reserving themselves for the more remunerative commissions of public monuments,—Marsili, Rivalta, Adolfo

Apolloni, and two or three others, the last named is reckoned as one of the most distinguished. Roman by birth, carefully trained in classical studies and in civil engineering—by parental despotism, then a lieutenant in the army, he never forgot his boyish predilection for drawing and modelling. His character has been defined as impulsive and determined, enthusiastic and energetic; his general refinement and culture, his accomplishments as a linguist, make him a general favorite in society; whilst in the summer he dwells among the peasants of his estate and devotes himself to their amelioration and the improvement of agricultural methods. All this breadth of mind is reflected in his work,—at times "Attic in form, and dating back to the school of Praxiteles," as in his handsome marble statue of *The Poet* which represents him at the Paris Exposition, and his

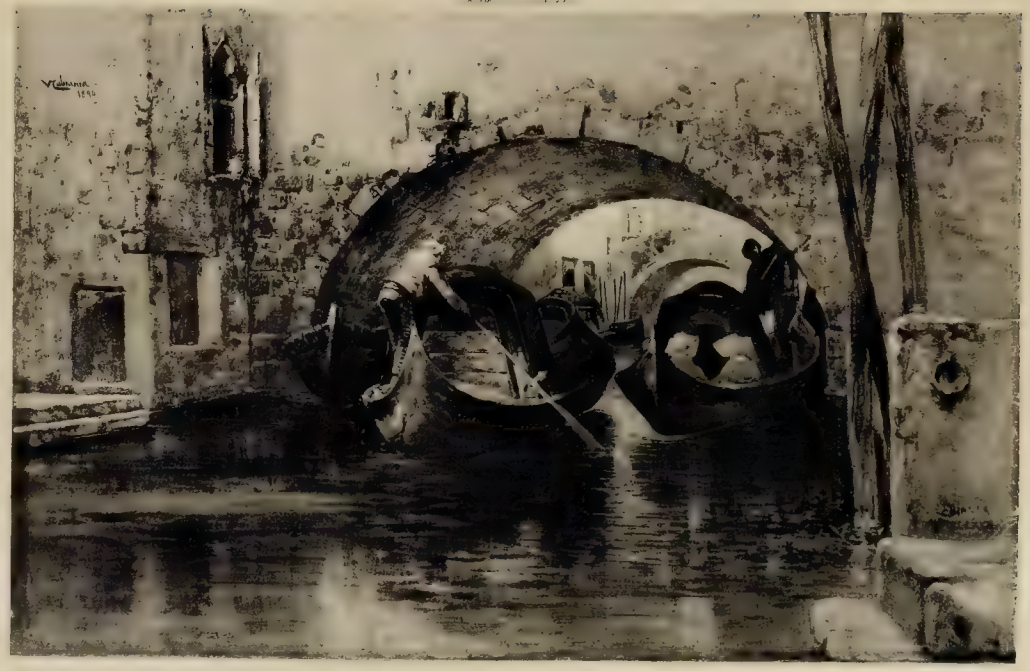
marble and bronze group, *Anakrion;* at times Renaissance in suggestion, as in his bust, *Victoria*, and statue, *Mater Purissima;* and again partaking of neither of these tendencies, as in his *Angel of Peace* at Gotha. In all cases, his biographers give him credit for a feeling for purity of form and elegance of movement, for a certain style and aristocratic quality in his art. His *Poet* is more interesting than these modern attempts to restore the Greek usually are,—nude and youthful, sufficiently classic in his proportions, the singer advances, twanging his harp with a free movement as he does so. The sculptor has been knighted, and decorated by the King of Italy, the Emperor of Germany, and the Queen of Spain. Those whose names are connected more particularly with important public monuments and whose statues and busts are less often seen in exhibition galleries, are somewhat more numerous,—Ximenes, Ferrari, Chiaradia, Dal Zotto, Romanelli, Barberi, Maccagnani, Balzico: but the many monuments that have been erected on the public places of Italian cities, since 1860, in commemoration of various national events and heroes, are not generally considered to be inspiring. Two only have been accepted as worthy by contemporary judgment,—the monument to Garibaldi by Gallori, at Rome, and that to Victor Emmanuel II by Ercole Rosa, at Milan. Both of these are equestrian figures, in bronze, set upon high architectural pedestals in marble or granite, and bronze, and with appropriate figures around the base, but otherwise they differ very materially. In the Garibaldi, the Liberator sits quietly on his horse, equally quiescent, his four feet on the ground; the subordinate groups around the high, pilastered pedestal are much smaller in scale, and are symbolical and monumental at the sides and realistic, in very violent action, at the ends: in the Victor Emmanuel, the king, in full uniform, pulls his fiery steed suddenly back on his haunches, the sides of the pedestal are composed of bronze high reliefs, crowded with figures, and at the base, the lion of Savoy, in marble and of an appalling size, defends his shield with teeth and claws. Gallori, who is Florentine, sends to the Paris Exposition a bronze statue, *Sadness* or *Melancholy.*

VINCENZO CABIANCA

DAY-BREAK

Water-color

PHOTOGRAVURE



Much appreciated by his countrymen, the works of the Neapolitan, Filippo Cifariello, excel in their technique, the science of the modelling, the individuality and decision manifested, but they lack in that subtlety of expression, that touch of inspiration without which all artistic technique is but handicraftsmanship. Quite the contrary, the work of the Piedmontese, Leonardo Bistolfi, is characterized by a striving to express the sorrowful modern spirit, a sentiment and a depth of feeling that shall put new breath in the old formulas; he is "one of the few Italian sculptors who have been touched by the Pre-Raphaelite and symbolist movement." Unfortunately, as is so frequently the case in these instances, the sculptor's means of expression have not been sufficiently acquired, and his execution is weak and unsatisfactory. One of his characteristic works, seen at the Florence Artists' exhibition in 1897, was a low, "Donatellesque," relief, which had for subject, *Reunion after Death*, and was considered by some of the critics to be the first work of sculpture there. In the upper part of the upright panel were distant groups of reunited souls, wandering around together; in the immediate foreground, a tall female figure, in thin perpendicular drapery, threw back her head to receive the kiss of the dear one who had preceded her. It can scarcely be said that the somewhat imposing subject was adequately suggested by this awkwardly rendered conception.

Of the many promising young sculptors whose names appear most frequently in the contemporary records, only a certain number have sent to the Exposition,—Pietro Canonica, Giuseppe Romagnoli (who with Butti and Quadrelli are considered to be the four most promising of all), and others. Their works range through the usual field of the sculptors' themes and forms of expression; the technical qualities are usually high, though the really distinguishing artistic qualities are not always striking. Clemento Origo exhibits a very spirited and learned little group of a field-piece with its team in great confusion and distress. An artist unfortunately not represented in the Exposition is Luigi Frullini,

who died in Florence about two years ago, and who forsook his work in marble and bronze to revive the well-nigh lost art of wood-carving, which he did with conspicuous skill and right feeling for its limitations and adaptabilities. For his relief of a frieze of Amorini, *Dance of the Hours,* he received in Paris the Legion of Honor; and, in this country, he was commissioned to execute the carvings of the choir-loft of the New Old South Church in Boston.

THE ART OF SPAIN

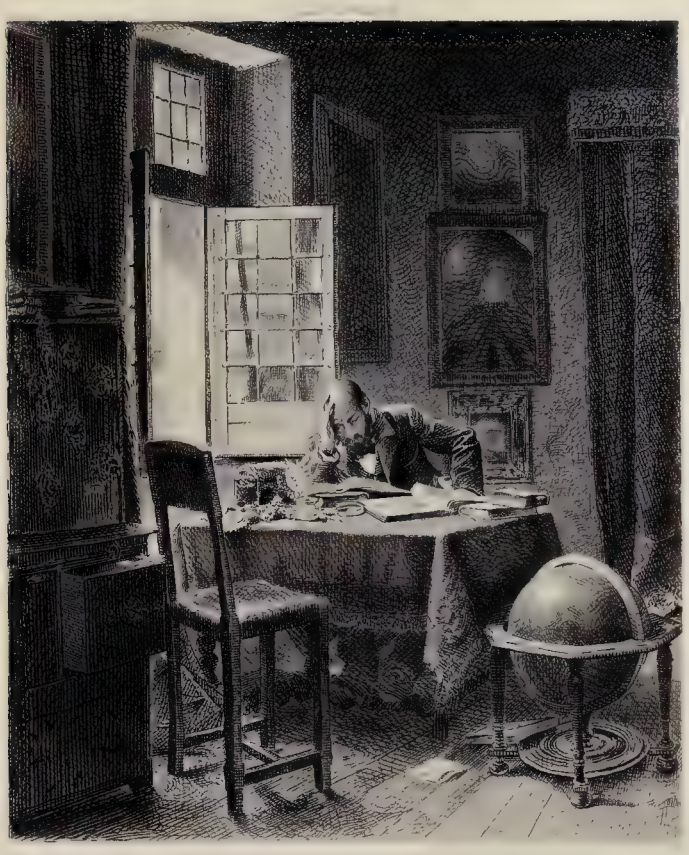
Spain has just been celebrating, with due pride, the third centenary of the birth of her greatest artist, born, according to the parish register, in the capital of Andalusia, on the 6th of June, 1599,—but it is the names of Goya and of Fortuny that come up most frequently in evoking the souvenirs of the past in the galleries of the Exposition, rather than that of Velasquez. The traditions of the two older masters are asserted by the painter's admirers to live again in the works of one who, it was confidently expected, would be awarded a Grand Prix, but whose canvases were not even accepted by the Spanish commissioners. This painter,

Ignacio Zuloaga, has been received in Paris and Brussels with more favor by the critics than by the general public; one of his paintings was purchased in 1899 by the French government;—"The ruthless, abrupt style of his work," says M. Octave Maus, of the *Libre Esthétique* of the Belgian capital, "has its origin in the technique of the great Spanish Masters. The freedom of action, the dignified air, the intensely national aspect of his figures, at once remind us of the heroic personages depicted by Goya, Zurbaran, or Velasquez." "M. Zuloaga's big picture, *La Veille de la Course de Taureaux*," says another writer, "is a noble work, and worthily carries on the true traditions of Spanish art." One of his paintings, a portrait of the mayor of Rio-Moro and his wife, was purchased by the Belgian government at the Salon at Ghent in the early months of 1900, but was refused by the Commission des Musées. The artist's *facture* is of a strength and uncompromising hardness that have been qualified as brutal; it is the sombre and unsympathetic and unlovely aspects of the national life that he renders, hard in drawing and harsh in color,—grays and grays, dull and heavy, varied by spots of crude and primitive colors, all this rendering with a singular forcefulness the types, the character, of the figures and the landscapes. But it is apparently just this sullen or savage or ascetic quality that was deliberately and officially shut out from the national exhibit; it was the picturesque and the amiable that the royal commissioners put forward,—Fortuny rather than Goya, and Murillo rather than Ribera. A number of these more serious, and possibly more representative, artists, known in the Paris Salons and elsewhere, Zuloaga, Canal, Nonell, Yturrino, Paco d'Urio, and others, do not appear in the Spanish galleries in the Exposition. The contemporary national school of painting is divided broadly into these two groups, one which strives to maintain the traditions of *idéalisation*, of refinement and elegance, of which M. de Madrazo may be taken as an example, and the other, which wishes to depict the popular life unidealized, sombre or dramatic, in the manner of Greco or Ribera. A due amount of judgment, however, has

FRANCISCO DOMINGO

A SAVANT

ETCHED BY GASTON RODRIGUEZ



been exercised by the high authorities in this selecting,—the *fade*, the pretty-pretty, as, *e.g.*, in the works of Señor Carlos Pellicer, pupil of MM. Bouguereau and Gabriel Ferrier, known in the Paris Salons, has been carefully omitted.

On the other hand, there was no discrimination against the realistic and the unheroic if sufficiently well presented, as in the glowing canvases of Señor Joacquin Sorolla y Bastida, full of light and air, and rendered with peculiar charm of color. To this painter was awarded the Grand Prix which the friends of Señor Zuloaga had hoped for him,—and the decision of the jury cannot but be generally approved. In the little gallery devoted to foreigners, to the right of the entrance gallery of sculpture in the Luxembourg, hangs a very large canvas by Señor Sorolla y Bastida,—the return of the fishing boat, almost the size of life, and hauled to shore through the shallow water by a team of oxen; a painter's subject, in the fullest sense of the word, and painted with a sense of color, an appreciation of tones and values, not to be excelled even in this museum. At the Exposition, the artist is represented by six canvases, of which one of the most notable, the *Sewing the Sail*, appeared at the Paris Salon of 1897,—a vivid rendering of the brilliant spots of Catalonian sunshine breaking through the leafage of the trees on the group gathered round the great ship's sail. Another, the *Bath*, supplements this bedazzling painting of blazing sunshine on great, bellying sheets of canvas or linen by an imposing and most original design and composition, with figures almost the size of life,—in the immediate foreground and in full light, a woman advances holding outspread in front of her with both hands a great sheet that pours backward and half drowns her in its folds; before her, and lower down, is the naked child for whom all this banner-like drapery is intended, in the arms of his nurse, and overhead—and possibly somewhat more imminent and important than the facts of the case would warrant—are the great, voluminous sails of the fishing boats navigating the dark green sea that serves as background. The

sails, the woman's heavy hood or handkerchief that quite conceals her head, and her enveloping white sheet, all combine to give a dramatic impression of floating and bellying and triumphant banners and sails blazing in summer sunshine,—all the more difficult to render in color that no amount of mere close observation and matching as nearly as possible nature's light with dull pigments will enable the painter to make a presentation as satisfactory as this. It is necessary for him to analyze and create on his own account, to force his tones, and to produce by oppositions and complementaries in a crude way the high, luminous notes which the sun produces in a more subtle way, with so much better painting materials.

"Señor Sorolla," says M. Grosjean-Maupin, "is the glory of the school of fresh and brilliant colorists of Valencia:" "There is then to be found in Señor Sorolla, incontestably," says M. Arsène Alexandre, "one of the best painters of the contemporary Spanish school, with respect to mastery of his trade and qualities as a colorist. Certainly, nothing is more legitimate than to paint the luminous, cheerful, attractive aspects of Spain. It is not exclusively the country of ascetics, and everything is not there sunburned and tawny as a fine piece of Cordova leather, or as that Cordova itself, which presents similar aspects of magnificence, of grandeur, and of ruin. There are to be found there flowers, the laughter of women, delightful toilettes, brilliant uniforms. All this joyous aspect is to be painted, and why should it not find in Señor Sorolla one of its painters? He will grow weary, some day, of imitating, no matter how successfully, the sails which the wind fills out and makes to flap in the sunshine. You may still remember a painting by this artist, a railway compartment of the third class in which the women of the people, untamed and distrustful travellers, crouch on the seats? This was the work of an observer of life and incidents. How many things there are still to relate to us! And what a fine picture there will be to paint, taking only the Sunday promenade on some *plaza major* or some *paseo* of a

JOSÉ GARCIA Y RAMOS

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

PHOTOGRAVURE

large or a small city! May Señor Sorolla, with the wind of success in his sails, not fear to tear himself from the specialties which have made him known; may he come to regard his own country under all the aspects which he knows how to see so justly, and may he relate them to us, since he so well knows how to describe." Here we have again the eternal advice of the modern literary man to the artist, to be—not an artist—but an instantaneous photograph with an ethnical or a philanthropic intent, to find his themes, not in the light and color and beauty of nature, but in third-class railway compartments and the life of "the people."

This latter appears in two canvases by Señor José Pinazo Martinez, who, with Sorolla and the illustrator Daniel Urrabietta Vierge, are considered by some observers to display more of the national temperament, more personal individuality, than any of their compatriots. Pinazo Martinez's pictures present scenes of rustic life, painted with as much color as Sorolla's, but with much more crudity, with a very considerable degree of judiciousness of selection and accuracy of rendering of the types and the episodes presented, but with a most unnecessary enlargement of his scale to the size of life, as even his admirers protest. Vierge, who has been for many years domiciled Parisian, acquired an international reputation long ago by his very spirited drawings, mostly in pen and ink, in which abundant and most skilful use was made of accents of pure black, and in which with a curious freedom and originality of design was united a considerable knowledge of the costumes and architecture of the periods of romance, of sword and cape, in his own country. Much of this spirit and originality he has retained, in spite of a long and well-nigh fatal and almost disabling illness; at the Exposition, he is represented by water-colors and designs in black and white, vibrating in *taches*, and in which the technique is sometimes felt to be the too-important thing. It is possible, also, if we may judge from the artist's presentations of scenes of Parisian life, that his restorations of the days of Don Quixote,

of Gil Blas, of Lazarillo de Tormes, are not quite as accurate as they seem to our uninformed eyes.

Considerable ethnological information is conveyed also in the paintings by Antonio Fabrés y Costa, presented sometimes with the usual methods of good, serious technique, as in the *Drunkards* or the *Thief*, and sometimes with an attempt to secure a novel, or decorative, quality, as in the *Fiancée*. This artist, who has received one of the silver medals of the Exposition, was born at Barcelona, in 1854, and at the age of twenty carried off the Prix de Rome with his *Death of Abel*. For Spain, also, set up a school in the Eternal City, to establish a competition with the Villa Médicis, and to promote also an official art, undeterred by the attacks made upon that of her neighbors north of the Pyrenees. The *Death of Abel* was a work of sculpture, as were also some of the other most notable productions of this artist; he excels also in water-color and in pen-and-ink designs in which he searches, above all, to render the peculiar quality of flesh. Of his five paintings at the Exposition, the *Fiancée*, wearing a curious pointed head-dress and swathed in abundant white draperies, sits with a discontented air all alone in a vast white corridor, and at one end of a long stone bench or banquette,—the color problem being a study of whites and grays. The *Voleuse*, or *L'Esclave* as it appears in the French catalogues, is a life-size study of a young woman, apparently of the time of the Moors, since she has an inscription in Arabic over her head, against the plaster wall; around her neck is a great iron collar, to which her two wrists are attached by iron rods, and she opens her mouth in vehement protest at this barbaric treatment. Before her face are suspended from the end of an iron chain the *pièces d'évidence*, the coral necklace and other trinkets which tempted her to her undoing. The *Drunkards* is a large canvas of the fine old roystering themes of the Spanish and Netherlands schools, beloved by a few contemporary artists like Roybet, proud of their technical accomplishments,—revellers in doublets and broad collars and plumed hats and long swords,

the subdued light of a wine cellar or drinking place, and the innumerable baggage of costumes, implements, accessories, and types. In the present picture, the wine cask, near the centre of the composition, bedecked with vine leaves, is bestrode by a robust naked Bacchus, probably inspired by Velasquez's picture; and the painter has undoubtedly justified his claim to be ranked among those who excel in this bric-a-brac.

Of the same class of subjects, and of the same historical period, but not quite so well rendered and including only two figures instead of a dozen, is the large canvas by José Miralles Darmanin,—an elderly gallant, all in red, expounding some thesis, amatory or otherwise, to a plump young person who ceases plucking the goose on her knees to hold her sides and laugh. The human interest is too slight to interest us were it not for the painter's rendering,—which has been rewarded with a bronze medal. A better piece of painting, and somewhat less pretentious in theme, is the *Savant* of Francisco Domingo, one of those familiar modern interiors, in subdued and diffused light, which are among the most interesting of the painter's problems. In this instance, the learned man, conventional, middle-aged gentleman, sits with his hand to his brow, by an open window, poring over the folio spread open before him on the table. By the same artist is a smaller canvas, equally discreet and individual in its presentation of a conventional theme,—Saint Clara, kneeling at her prie-Dieu, absorbed in religious ecstasy, her halo swimming in the air over her head. This very good painter is almost entirely unknown to the Parisians. Another is Juan Sala, who likewise exhibits two pictures, quite different in theme but equally good in color,—*Les Misérables*, a poor old couple seated side by side, and a nude bather in the *Springtime*. The *Fig Harvest*, of Carlos Vasquez y Ubeda, in full sunshine, is better than *The Month of Mary*, a large gray interior; and the painter has received a silver medal. By José Benlliure y Gill—not to be confounded with Mariano Benlliure y Gill, the sculptor—is a surprising imaginative work, the rising of the dead in the valley of Jehoshaphat at the call of the

Last Judgment. In the immediate foreground, in the gloom, are two of the risen sinners who are seeking to flee from the wrath to come.

Among the painters of genre, historical and otherwise, one of the best qualified is Vincente Boras Abella, placed by some of the commentators before even Sorolla, and awarded a silver medal. His large and somewhat declamatory *Free*, however, does not seem to be deeply interesting,—much less so than his study of a monk over the brazier or foot-warmer, *How cold it is!* The painters of Don Quixote are of course well represented, but not numerously; José Jimenez Aranda presents him on his travels, and two of José Moreno Carbonero's well-known, carefully finished, and yet spirited pictures are devoted to two of the most moving of his battles, the "most terrifying and never-to-be-imagined adventure of the windmills," and "the most stupendous combat between the brave Biscayan and the valorous Don Quixote." In the former, it would seem that the painter had taken some liberties with the facts in the case, for, though we are assured by the veracious Cid Hamet Benengeli that the sail carried away with it both horse and rider, we can scarcely believe that they were carried to such a dizzy height as this above the ground, or poor Rosinante would certainly have been more than "half shoulder-slipped" by his fall. In the second and more serious picture, we seem to have a very excellent illustration of the incident; it will be remembered perhaps that on the very next day after the mortifying defeat by the windmills the knight won a stoutly contested victory over this only less formidable opponent. Having encountered a travelling carriage in which was seated a Biscayan lady "who was going to Seville to meet her husband that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post," and having put to rout two inoffensive Benedictine monks who were also of the party, the Don accosted the lady politely and, stating that he had delivered her from the vile abductors who were carrying her away, requested her in return only to turn back to report his prowess to the incomparable Donna Dulcinea

CESARE ALVAREZ DUMONT

AÏSSA-HOUA,
SERPENT-TAMER OF ALGERIA

PHOTOGRAVURE

AÏSSA-HOUA,
SERPENT-TAMER OF ALGERIA

del Toboso. "To this strange talk, a certain Biscayan, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you will please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listened with great attention," and perceiving that the knight insisted, laid hold of his lance and bade him begone, "in bad Spanish and worse Biscayan." Naturally, words led to blows, the chivalrous Don threw away his lance that they might be more on an equality, the brave Biscayan snatched up one of the carriage cushions to serve as a shield, and the dreadful combat began. Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which the latter labored in being mounted upon a mule "which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire," and which was quite unmanageable, he so showered his blows upon the knight that only the latter's armor saved him from being "cleft to the waist," and did indeed shear off the left side of his helmet and one-half of his ear, "which, like a dreadful ruin, fell together to the ground,"—as the painter has depicted. Whereupon the hero of La Mancha, summoning all his valor, and invoking his lady love, discharged such a dreadful blow upon the head of his foe that, despite the guard of his sword and his cushion, it was "as though a whole mountain had fallen upon him," he reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups and his weapon, and would have been unhorsed had he not clutched the neck of his mule until that "dull beast" ran away with him and finally threw him. The intercession of the lady saved him from death at the point of the Don's sword, but only on her promise that the whole affair should be duly reported to the peerless Dulcinea, that she might be inclined to look with somewhat less severity upon the sufferings of her faithful champion.

Much more exaggerated and improbable is the depiction of a street scene by José Garcia y Ramos, the *Sauve qui peut!* of a church procession which suddenly finds itself threatened in the rear by a bull driven down a narrow alley, presumably on his way to the arena. The various degrees of apprehension, fright, and paralyzing terror are well presented,—but this is one of those manifestations of the national and temperamental

art that seems a trifle frivolous. Among these genre painters, reminiscences and traditions of the famous Roman-Spanish school are but few in number, as they are also in the Italian galleries; one of the cleverest is the *To the Health of the Bride*, by Pablo Salinas, in which we see again all the old distracting glitter of detail of this enthusiastic restoration of the Rococo, worked out, if not with as much ability as formerly, at least with quite as much painstaking care. Señor Salinas's cheerful little scene is very well arranged, and his figures are spirited and natural. Another, considerably more restful to the eye, is the quieter banquet scene by Vicenta de Paredès, time of the youthful Louis XV,—that prince, at the head of the table, with his hand on the breast of his beautiful blue coat, making demonstrative love to a doubting beauty before the eyes of all the guests. Much of this same pictorial quality, the cheerfulness and pleasing variety of contrasting forms and bright tones, the sunny, untormented, presentation of men and things because they lend themselves readily to pictorial treatment, may be found in a modern subject, the *Breakfast in a Garden* of Ricardo Arredondo y Calmache,—the white walls, the long lines of growing and climbing plants, and the blue sky overhead. This painter exhibits also some views in Toledo, marked by similar qualities. From this pleasant eighteenth-century art, as it may be called, unconcerned with the burden of the careful earth, the works of these painters of genre tone down by easy gradations to the peculiar acrid and intense social art of the nineteenth century,—Tomas Munoz Lucena sends a big study of peasants, treated as an *Idyl;* Juan Ferrer y Miro, a lively, very well rendered street scene in some large city, the day before a holiday; Modesto Teixidor y Torres, the spoiled little granddaughter posing in all her finery before her admiring grandparents; Marceliano Santa Maria y Sedano, an important composition in which a still stronger shade of sarcasm makes itself felt, a comely young peasant woman standing by the smart carriage and surrounded by the officious family of her new nursling, but looking back wistfully to her own

abandoned infant in the arms of her husband,—*For the Amelioration of the Race;* Lamberto Alonso y Torres, a still more intimate study of the life of the poor, the sellers of onions; Luis Jiminez Aranda, who has been compared to Jules Breton, others, the best being an important harvest scene; Segundo Cabello Izarra, pure satire, a *Fin de Siècle,* a plumber, with his kit of tools on his back, standing in derisive wonder before the artist's very latest and most mystical painting on his easel; Antonio Fillol y Granell, pure modernity, *La Bête Humaine,* some sordid family quarrel, the daughter weeping on the back of a chair, the fat and commonplace mother standing over her, the dull, bald, stolid *bête* moody in the corner. As is frequently the case, the technical ability seems to increase in proportion to the intensity of the social question presented.

All these artists have worked up to their present standards and points of view through various stages, some of them curiously at variance with their modern demonstrations. Fabrés, it is said, was first attracted to Eastern subjects by the influence of Henri Regnault, and drew the public

attention by the skill and cleverness with which he represented Oriental and Roman street figures. Domingo painted, more or less in the style of Meissonier, "little horsemen before an inn, mercenary soldiers, newspaper readers, and philosophers of the time of Louis XV," though his most important work was long considered to be an immense canvas, *The Last Days of Sagunt.* Benlliure y Gill established his reputation largely by a huge picture, the legitimate predecessor of his *Jehoshaphat, A Vision in the Colosseum*, in which, in a misty moonlit night, is seen gathering in the ruins of the great arena a congregation of the souls of the martyrs who have there perished for the faith, a long line of white robed and hooded female saints floating in over the walls, and all gathering before Saint Almaquio, there slain by gladiators, according to tradition, and who with widely extended arms brandishes a crucifix which emits a ghostly light. Of the painters who, as late as the Paris International Exposition of 1867, represented the art of Spain,—generally a decorous, intelligent, uninspired art, José Madrazo, J. Ribera y Fernandez, Federigo Madrazo, Carlo Luis Ribera, Eduardo Rosales, their names, like their art, are fading from men's memories. Federigo Madrazo died in 1898, having been born in 1815; he succeeded his father, Don José, as Court painter, and was Director of the Madrid Gallery, the only other instance in Europe of a painter acting in a similar capacity being that of Sir Edward Poynter in England. Federigo Madrazo was the father of Raimundo de Madrazo, and the father-in-law of Fortuny; the portraits, the Pierrettes, the *End of a Masked Ball*, the *Sortie de l'Eglise* of the Stewart Collection, of Raimundo de Madrazo have made him one of the best known of living painters, at home and abroad, and, like so many of the fashionable portraitists of Paris within the last few years, he has manifested a strong inclination to pass his winters in New York. At the Exposition, he is represented by four or five of his portraits, and by a painting which he modestly terms *Figure Grandeur Naturelle*, but in which the visitor seems to recognize with a curious shock of surprise one of his grande dames,

ULPIANO CHECA

THE LAST HOURS OF POMPEII

PHOTOGRAVURE

eighteenth or nineteenth century, in a very early stage of her toilette, having progressed, in fact, no farther than her cap and her slippers. The appreciations of Señor Madrazo's art are varied,—Professor Muther devotes to him in his chapter on Spanish art a somewhat inchoate sentence: "In Paris, Madrazo was much sought after as a painter of ladies' portraits, as he lavished on his pictures sometimes a fine *haut goût* of fragrant Rococo grace *à la* Chaplain, and sometimes devoted himself with taste and deftness to symphonic *tours de force à la* Carolus-Duran." The chroniclers of the Exposition, in their search for the characteristic national art, are less complimentary: "We find it not certainly in Señor Raimundo de Madrazo, a pleasing and elegant painter, with nearer affinities to Nattier than to Goya or Zurbaran," says an English critic; "*Les fadeurs* of M. Madrazo, worthy of ornamenting the tops of bonbon boxes," says a French one. But these are the uncompromising admirers of Goya and Zuloaga,—which in itself shows a certain deficiency in critical judgment.

Not unlike in style is the work of another scion of this family, Mariano Fortuny y de Madrazo, represented at the Exposition by a full-length portrait of a lady in a big hat, walking with a long cane, a portrait *joli et pimpant sans fadeur*, says M. Marguillier. In this department of the contemporary art, there are no notable departures from the serious and more or less conventional methods, no brilliant eccentricities like those of Signor Boldini in the adjoining galleries; Santiago Arcos secures a very well balanced little genre composition by his portrait of a young gentleman in a hunting costume, leaning against a table; José Llaneces, on the contrary, he who has painted Mr. Whistler, loses greatly in effectiveness by the too grand size of his canvas in his portrait of Sarasate; that of the musician Erik Satie, by Ramon Casas, is broadly painted, but somewhat lacking in decision, and there are others by José Molina Diaz, Manuel Mendez Gonzalez, Pedroso de San Carlos, and José Villegas y Cordero. The last named, a pupil of Fortuny, and one of the most brilliantly equipped of the moderns, has acquired an international

reputation by his *Death of the Matador* and *The Christening*, the latter purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt for, it is said, a hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Casas, Vierge, and Rusiñol are asserted to represent in these galleries the peculiarly free and untrammelled aspects of the national contemporary art, Rusiñol being represented by two views of the gardens of Grenada, which, when exhibited in Paris a few years ago, attracted much admiration by the beauty of the motifs and the charm of the color. This artist has indeed made a specialty of these old Spanish gardens,—a fascinating theme for a painter; "his palette is usually gray, blue, green, and gold, but his color is full of unexpected poetry, whether it be that the frescoes on the walls become iridescent in the sunlight which strikes them with topaz reflections, whether the sun caresses with golden transparencies the tops of the marble basins, the mouths of the jets of water, spots the wall with aërial gold, metallizes it again under the violet revetment of the shadow, or emphasizes the brilliant projection of a heavy doorway." Jaime Morera, who exhibits five pictures, with very different themes, has been called the best of the Castilian landscape painters; Eliseo Meifren has been awarded a bronze medal for his large, very well painted view over a moonlit bay, entitled *Nature*. A silver medal has been given Maria-Luisa de la Riva-Munoz for her admirable study of still-life; and Josefa Teixidor y Torres presents *Springtime* and *Autumn* in the shape of a spray of appropriate wild flowers for each season. Something more novel is furnished by the serious attempt made by Maria Saenz de Téjada to restore the ancient painting by Ætion as described by Lucian, in emulation of the well-known canvas by Sodoma,—the marriage of Alexander and Roxana. The Orientalists are represented by three canvases by Cesare Alvarez Dumont, full of information, carefully collected and ingeniously presented, but not particularly interesting artistically. The most dramatic is the *Aissa-houa, Serpent-tamer of Algeria*, very black, plying his trade in a sunny open public place. By Señor Ulpiano Checa well known

in the Paris Salons by his immense canvases in the style of those exhibited here, are two violent scenes of tumult and terror,—a chariot race at Rome, with the hopeless wreck of one of the competitors, horses, man, and vehicle, at the turn of the course; and the wild flight of the inhabitants of Pompeii on the day of the destruction of their city, the red ruin of ashes and lava already settling down upon their terrified heads.

The Spanish sculpture exhibit is dominated by the work of three or four men,—the largest works, and those the most vainglorious, being naturally those which first attract the eye and frequently linger longest in the memory. A very striking piece of sculpture, near the central entrance of the Grand Palais, may be cited as a case in point, though it is in reality nothing but the monument to a tenor,—by the sculptor Mariano Benlliure y Gill. Great conquerors and

mighty lawgivers have seldom been more ostentatiously commemorated in marble and bronze. On a narrow platform, reached by three or four broad steps, on which sits a very graceful and well-modelled weeping figure, rises an elaborately carved sarcophagus, decorated in low and in high relief with singing *Amorini* and *Putti;* from this is lifted high in the air, by two female figures,—and without, apparently, sufficient effort, seeing that it is of bronze and that its weight is further increased by a third figure, an angel, reclining upon it,—the coffin of the illustrious musician Gayarre. The uplifted wings of the crowning angel give a fine decorative and uplifting air to the entire monument, the pyramidal effect is, on the whole, well maintained, though there are some awkward lines and solutions of continuity between the two mortuary caskets. A much more sedate work—though in it, also, appear traces of this exuberant invention, in the abundant and carefully arranged drapery, in the voluminous curling hair, not authorized at all by the painter's portrait of himself in the Capitoline Museum in Rome—is the statue of Velasquez which stands in the central entrance hall of the Spanish pavilion. On the nearly square pedestal the sculptor has contrived very skilfully to suggest some of the immortal canvases of his great compatriot. In this building, also, under the handsome Charles Fifth dais, is the bas-relief in marble and bronze of the portraits of the royal family by this sculptor, the four heads presented in profile, facing toward the right, first that of the boyish king, then his mother, and then the two daughters,—the modelling of all skilful, not too subtle or flattering, and with almost too much abuse of the hollowed-out eyeball to give expression. Of his lesser works, the sculptor sends a spirited little bronze group of an episode in a bull fight, an originally treated chimney-piece inspired by a scene from the *Inferno* of Dante, and portrait busts of various distinguished personages, including one of the painter Domingo, of great vivacity of expression.

More of these royal portraits appear in the exhibit of another sculptor, who seems to divide the honors of this section of the national art

JOSÉ MORENO CARBONERO

DON QUIXOTE: THE COMBAT WITH THE BISCAYAN

PHOTOGRAVURE

with Benlliure y Gill and Miguel Blay y Fabrega,—Señor Auguste Querol y Subirats, the two former receiving Grands Prix, and the latter being *Hors Concours.* His bust of the Queen Regent is a handsome, stately presentation, but apparently somewhat lacking in character and individuality; that of the little king, on the contrary, is a beautiful piece of modelling and much more personal in its rendering than portraits of small children usually are. The artist's most notable work here is a very important bas-relief of Saint Francis and the lepers, executed with that skilful adaptation of realism to classic formulas which constitutes so large a portion of the whole art of the sculptor. The saint, in his monk's robe, and with a fine expression of sympathy and commiseration in his thin, ascetic countenance, stands near the centre of the rectangular panel supporting a sitting man whose rags are dropping from him and who turns up to his protector a most eloquent look of reverent gratitude. In front of this group kneels another monk, who, at arm's length and with anything but a sympathetic air, is pouring from a small jug water or oil on the patient's wounds; behind him stands a third, holding a larger jar or bucket, and giving evidence of but little more enthusiasm for this work of charity. The surrounding figures, apparently grouped in the angle of a courtyard, monks, lepers, and spectators, express the various shades of the natural emotions, sympathy, distress, or indifference, and with the necessary breaking of perpendicular lines and variety of masses. Much of the same intuition, the same appreciation of the theme, carried out with equal technical skill, appears in a bust of Saint Francis, in slightly yellowed marble,—the religious ecstasy of an ascetic. In his group of *Tradition,* personified by a mystical old beldame relating with a fine expressive action of her thin hands and arms some weird tale to two children at her knee, the latter seem to be a trifle too large and to be somewhat lacking in childish charm, but the old sibyl is quite wonderful, in face and figure.

Like Querol, Blay y Fabrega is much more austere and less exuberant than Benlliure, but he is also more conventional,—as in his four, much

admired, groups of the theological virtues, and in which it is difficult to see anything but good examples of good stonecutters' work. Much more artistic and individual—though, also, none too interesting in these crowded galleries—is his group of a seated old man and a child, nude and shivering, entitled *The First Cold.* The father's figure is an excellent piece of realistic modelling, and his air of stolid endurance very well rendered; the little girl's smooth round body, and the pathetic droop of her pretty head, are quite admirable. Of the twenty other sculptors who exhibit in the Spanish section,—with the usual comparatively limited range of the sculptor's themes, and with the not unfrequent technical skill seen in these picked collections,—there are but few that attract the visitor's wearied attention, or that seem destined to figure very largely in the halls of Fame. Miguel-Angel Trilles exhibits a figure of the giant Antæus and a big relief of the Flight into Egypt, to demonstrate his catholicity; Cipriano Folgueras y Doiztua, a slightly comic group, a *Bacchanal* and a *Dentist;* Joacquin Bilbao y Martinez, a good bust of Señor Canova del Castillo, and a less interesting *Slumber of the Virgin,* etc. It is not on the Spanish sculptors, but on the painters, that the few outspoken believers in the regeneration of the national art—as M. Roger Marx, writing of the Salon of 1899—found their hopes.

In the same year, 1899, that the third centenary of Velasquez's birth was celebrated in Madrid, the remains of Goya were formally disinterred in Bordeaux, where he died in 1828, and shipped to Madrid, June 6th, to be there deposited in the church of San Isidoro. On the 3d of May, 1900, an exhibition of his works was opened in the Spanish capital, paintings, etchings, and designs. Though thus ceremoniously and officially honored, his methods and the traditions of his art, his "trick of emphasis, the basis of both caricature and impressionism," have not appeared to be those which the Exposition commissioners seemed to desire to put forward in the presentation of the contemporary art of the nation, as we have seen. Visitors to the National Gallery of London within the last

four years will probably remember the very striking example of his genius acquired for this collection in 1896, in company with two other examples, and known—for want of a better title—as *A Scene from a Play*. In this dramatic performance,—which no one but the artist probably ever witnessed,—a broad-hatted Spanish priest, holding his chin in his terror, and with his face lit by the ruddy reflection, fills with oil from a can a lighted lamp presented to him obsequiously by a ram-headed, woman-breasted demon, while in the gloom beyond both are threatened by gigantic rearing mules. This disquieting art was succeeded, after his death, by the usual Classical, Romantic, and Academical routines through which the æsthetic influences of other nations have passed; the local color, "the world of toreros, majas, manolas, monks, smugglers, knaves, and witches," was succeeded by the serious and carefully wrought out art prevalent in 1867, as already stated. The darkness which succeeded Goya's death, and which was only broken by the appearance of Fortuny, has been compared to that which preceded him, and which dated from the death of Claudio Coellos, in 1693.

Between Goya and Fortuny the only comparison that the historians seem to have been able to find is that they both went to Rome, though, as the former worked his way

there as a bull-fighter (according to some stories), and the other went there to set up a luxurious villa outside the walls, filled with that artistic bric-a-brac which he loved, the similarity is not very striking. The influence of Fortuny's work, of that triumph of skilful elaboration which destroys the import of essentials, is now frequently said to have been injurious to the younger generation; at the Exposition of 1878, the commencement of the decline of his reputation was already visible. His followers and imitators—with a few exceptions in the case of those, like Henri Regnault, who were brilliantly endowed themselves—fell into the easy trick of exaggerating the defects of his methods; wishing to display still more convincingly their *virtuosité*, they only fell into *papillotage*. The intelligent opinion of his countrymen may be very well expressed by a paragraph by Señor Ruiz y Castillo, writing in 1881:

"Naturally ardent, enthusiastic and sympathetic, endowed with very great powers of attraction, with a very striking originality, very impulsive, he revived in his own country the faith in art; however brief may have been his career, a meteor of the second class—I admit it, his glory has nevertheless sufficed to inspire his countrymen, and, at his death, he left not only remarkable works, but an example of artistic independence which, fortunately, has sufficed to found a school. The number is very considerable of those who follow in his footsteps, not servilely, but with that freedom of carriage which was peculiarly his."

The painter's love of shining and gleaming detail, of the productions of the artistic crafts of the West and the East, which constitutes so striking a quality of his work, was, unfortunately, responsible for his early death. He found himself unable to leave his Roman studio, which he had built after his marriage, and which he had filled with the Oriental stuffs, the Moorish and Arabian weapons, old tankards and glasses from Murano, old Spanish armor, old Italian priests' vestments, silks and embroideries, brasses, Rococo furniture, costumes and details of all kinds, which appear in his paintings. So he returned to this treasure house,

JOSE MIRALLES DARMANIN

IN GOOD HUMOR

ETCHED BY H. C. LAVALLEY

and in painting in the gardens, after twilight, he took the dreaded malarial fever, and, as it was not his first attack, it proved fatal. He died in November, 1874, in his thirty-sixth year. He had taken the Prix de Rome at the age of nineteen, and set out for the Eternal City that same year; then came the visit to Morocco, for the studies for the great *Battle of Tetuan* which he was to have executed for the Academy of Barcelona, and his passion for Oriental subjects. As is well known, the American collector, Mr. Wm. Hood Stewart, living in Paris, was largely instrumental in introducing his work in that capital, Fortuny never having exhibited in the Salons. One day in 1867, in Goupil's galleries, Mr. Stewart's attention was drawn by Zamacoïs to an *Arab Fantasia* and other water-colors by Fortuny, and he was so much impressed by them, that he soon after set off for Rome to see this painter, taking Zamacoïs with him. The result of the visit was a commission for the famous *Academicians of Saint Luke Choosing a Model*, now in the galleries of another distinguished collector, Senator Clark, in New York City. "Originally," says Mr. De Kay, "there was an old woman in this picture, the dragon mother of the beauty; she sat in spectacles with her knitting by the side of the table on which the model stands; but Fortuny feared the note of comedy which she introduced, and suppressed her." "Mr. Stewart ordered this picture in 1868, and Fortuny, invited by him and urged by others, brought it on to Paris when finished; this was in 1872. With it he brought another famous work, an evocation from the brightly garbed past,—*Rehearsal of a Play in a Garden by Members of the Arcadian Society*. These gilded dilettanti of literature made plays and acted them, wrote books and printed them (curious they are, as one picks them up while *bouquinising* at the bookstalls of Florence and Rome!), and Fortuny has given, without exaggeration or caricature, the intensely busy by-play of these rank amateurs and amateurs of rank.

"If Mr. Stewart had to wait for years for *Choosing the Model*, the pictures he obtained at once produced the greatest sensation in Paris;

Fortuny was the talk, his pictures the rage, and artists began forthwith to imitate his style. At Rome there started up a factory of false water-colors signed Fortuny. Next winter, the young Spaniard came to Paris at Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and set up his easel in the studio Gérôme lent him. It was here that Meissonier spent many hours." The ingenious and most skilful accumulation of bric-a-brac in his compositions is, of course, only the superficial characteristic of Fortuny's work; his distinguishing artistic quality is the infinite variety of light and color in his paintings (not of textures and values), and his admirable talent of composition, characterization, and design. There are groups of his that are masterpieces of brilliant arrangement and delineation, full of surprises, of spirit, and always with a touch of humor,—as the group of the actors in the *Rehearsal*, time of Goya, the heroine—called upon by the requirements of her rôle to swoon—reclines luxuriously, at one angle, in the grasp of the bewigged hero—while he—compelled by her copious bulk and weight to assume the opposing one—pores over the sheets of his copy held in the other hand; or as the most excellent central group of the *Spanish Marriage*, or *La Vicaria*. This painting appeared at Goupil's, in Paris, in the spring of 1870, and is certainly one of Fortuny's masterpieces. "A marriage is taking place in the sacristy of a Rococo church in Madrid. The walls are covered with faded Cordova leather hangings figured in gold and dull colors, and a magnificent Rococo screen separates the sacristy from the middle aisle. Venetian lustres are suspended from the ceiling. And pictures of martyrs, Venetian glasses in carved oval frames, richly ornamented wooden benches, and a library of missals and gospels in sparkling silver clasps at the wall, form part of the scene where the marriage contract is being signed; shining marble tables and glistening braziers are around. As a matter of fact, an old beau is marrying a young and beautiful girl. With affected grace, and in a skipping minuet step, holding a modish three-cornered hat under his arm, he approaches the table to put his signature in the place which

the *escribano* points out with a submissive bow. He is arrayed in delicate lilac, while the bride is wearing a white silk dress trimmed with flowered lace, and has a wreath of orange blossoms in her luxuriant black hair." In front of her she holds her bridal fan, tilting her pretty head on one side to admire it, and to listen to the probably deceitful counsels which one of her bridesmaids is leaning forward to whisper in her ear; behind them are the witnesses, first of whom is a lady in a shining silk dress of rose color; standing this side of her, with his back to the spectators, a gentleman in a long-skirted, much embroidered, cabbage-green coat, strikes a fine attitude, separating his legs and supporting himself on his long, curved sabre. Among Fortuny's sketches is preserved one of Meissonier

in this attitude, sabre and all, but with a very short jacket, to display his much-admired legs. Beyond this gentleman, in the marriage group, is a lady who shows us the back of a beautiful neck as she turns to look at a most incongruous figure approaching,—a penitent, or begging friar, nude to the waist, wearing over his head a pointed hood with holes for the eyes, and presenting obsequiously for the alms of the faithful a plaque upon which is a little group of the souls in torment lifting their hands imploringly. At the other end of this long procession, at the end of the table, a priest and his secular friend are seated in earnest converse, quite unmindful of the wedding. In the extreme right of the foreground, on a beautifully carved bench, are a couple of equally typical spectators, in whom Théophile Gautier fancied he saw a pampered bull-fighter and his *manola.*

Fortuny's friend, Zamacoïs, enjoyed a great popularity among the art collectors of Europe and America some twenty years ago, more through the ingenuity and story-telling quality of his pictures than through any brilliancy or peculiarity of his sound, somewhat conventional, technique. A mild sarcasm, generally at the expense of the Church, sometimes of the State, characterized his most admired pictures,—as in the famous *Return to the Convent,* a stout monk pulling obstinately at the bit of his obstinate donkey, while the slipping of the girth has precipitated to the ground in one common ruin the result of the morning's contributions, eggs, poultry, wine, and vegetables, to the great enjoyment of his fellows; or the *Rival Confessors,* one, frowning, bigoted, scowling from his solitary box at the kneeling crowd clustered around the confessional of the other, who is fat and forgiving, and dealing absolution generously right and left with the tip of his long rod. *The Education of a Prince* presents the salon of a palace, Spanish, French, or Italian, cardinals, marshals, and ambassadors, gathered in a smirking, obsequious group at one end of the long rug on which the sprawling baby prince is bowling down his toy soldiers with cannon-ball oranges. The grotesquely misshapen,

PABLO SALINAS

TO THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE!

PHOTOGRAVURE

humpbacked and dwarfed jesters of the Renaissance courts afforded this painter scenes for a number of pictures in which he contrasted, with an unpleasant ingenuity, their shrivelled and aborted bodies and souls with the splendor of their costumes and their surroundings. A milder touch of satire, and a somewhat less assured rendering, characterize the eighteenth century interiors of A. Casanova, glittering with endless details of costumes and furnishings, and in which a particularly greasy and obnoxious friar generally appears; and the quasi-historical-genre of Léon y Escosura strikes a still less interesting note. A certain "virtuosity of the palette" characterizes the work of all these painters of Madrid, Rome, and Paris.

In strong contrast with this work is that of the serious historical painters of the Spanish school, dignified and learned, as in the case of Pradilla, Ricardo Villodas, and Antonio Casanova y Estorach; or more or less morbid and given to bloodiness, as with Casado, Vera, Manuel Ramirez, or Moreno Carbonero. The most distinguished of these, Francisco Pradilla, received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Medal of Honor of the Universal Exposition of 1878, for his large picture of *Queen Joan the Mad*, standing hapless by the bier of her husband, set down on the high road during a halt in the funeral procession; at the Munich Exhibition of 1883, he also received a gold medal, for his *Surrender of Grenada*, also seen at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1889. Vera is responsible for an absurd *Defense of Numantia*, in which the Roman soldiers, storming the walls, recoil in terror at the sight of the women among the defenders drinking goblets of blood; Ramirez, for an *Execution of Don Alvaro de Luna*, with the decapitated head rolling in the foreground; Casado, for the *Bells of Huesca*, in which the court descends into a crypt, at the invitation of the king, to view some dozen or fifteen decapitated heads and bodies strewn over the bloody pavement; Carbonero, the *Conversion of the Duke of Gandia*, before the open coffin of his mistress. Much more pleasant than these

are the mural decorations of Pradilla, and the finished little Venetian scenes of Rico, known to all the world,—possibly somewhat more appreciated by the dealers and the general public than by the painters. In sculpture, contemporary Spanish art occupies much less space in the histories; and in etching and engraving, the most important names are still Goya and Fortuny.

THE ART OF PORTUGAL

That distinguishing national note which it is perhaps unnecessary to seek through the galleries devoted to the fine arts of Portugal may be found in the Colonial exhibition, installed on the Trocadéro in an establishment of its own, as though to maintain more stoutly its claim to great historical importance. There is also, on the Quai d'Orsay, the national pavilion of Forests, Hunting, Fishing, etc., and in the Rue des Nations, behind those of Turkey and the United States, the Pavillon du Portugal proper; but the principal effort seems to have been directed toward the setting out of this Colonial exhibit. At the entrance of the

building is erected a reproduction of the monument which, in the Congo, commemorates the discovery of that region by Diogo Cão in the fifteenth century; a granite stele placed among the green palms under a canopy bearing the national colors, the supports of which rise from between the paws of four enormous sphinxes in gilded wood. On the columns which carry the four corners of the gallery of the pavilion are suspended shields in the forms of trophies on which appear the names of the great discoverers: Bartholomeu Dias,—*The Cape of Good Hope;* Vasco da Gama,—*The Route to the Indies;* Pedro Alvarez Cabral,—*Brazil;* Diogo Cão,—*Congo.* In the pavilion of Forests, in the ingenious framing of the decorative frescoes by intertwined cordage, and in the similar decoration of the salles of the national pavilion in the Rue des Nations, executed by sailors in the maritime arsenal of Lisbon,—both of them attracting much attention and admiration,—may be seen the survival of the peculiar style of decoration which is the nation's contribution to architectural sculpture,—the style *manuelino.* "This style, so called from the King Dom Manoel, surnamed the Fortunate (1495–1521), a contemporary of the discovery and of the conquest of the New World, of the great voyages of Vasco da Gama, of Cabral, and of Albuquerque, appertains particularly to Portugal, and translates in the most admirable manner the soul and the mind of a whole people. Architects and sculptors, their imaginations exalted by the adventures and the recitals of the navigators, put under contribution not only the flora and the fauna of the sea, algæ, corals, madrepore, shells, but even the rigging of the ships, and found, in knotting the cordage, in coiling the cables, in suspending the buoys, unforeseen motifs of ornament which give an aspect at once so original and so characteristic to the monuments of the period. The Church of the Jeronymos at Belem, with its marvellous cloister which Haupt declares to be the finest in the world; the façade of the convent of Christ, at Thomar; the tower of Belem, at the mouth of the Tagus, are the highest manifestations of this style."

JOSÉ BRITO

A MARTYR OF FANATICISM

PHOTOGRAVURE

Records of these great days in the history of the nation naturally appear also in the works of paintings and sculpture in the Grand Palais. In the comparatively small collection of both, devoted to Portugal, Vasco da Gama is represented three times, two important pictures giving, from different points, the scene of his audience with the ruler of Calicut, on the west coast of India, on his arrival there in May, 1498. This ruler, the Samudri-Rajah or Prince of the Coast, abbreviated into Zamorin, was not disposed to be very cordial to the intrepid voyager, and the Arab merchants feared interference with their monopoly of trading privileges, so that, on his departure, Da Gama was obliged to fight his way out of the harbor. Two distinguished painters, Ernesto-Ferreira Condeixa and José Vellozo Salgado, have undertaken to depict this far-away scene, with its apparent pomp and official cordiality, and its undercurrent of hostility; the more important, and much the bigger of the two, is that by Salgado,—this painter having received one of the two gold medals awarded in this section. He presents the great Portuguese standing in the midst of the barbaric, half-naked court of the Indian prince, orating proudly, and displaying in his right hand the sealed commission from his royal master; behind him, his followers erect the royal standard, and proffer various gifts of European arts and manufactures. The painter's color is somewhat thin and conventional; the canvas, notwithstanding its size, lacks impressiveness. Some of his portraits, of which he exhibits six or eight, are more convincing, and apparently more sincere. The larger portion of the works shown by the winner of the second gold medal, Bordallo-Pinheiro Columbano, are also portraits; this painter is considered by his contemporaries to be one of their greatest, and his pictures in the Exposition have been generally among the very few admired by the Parisian critics in this national section,—though some of them find these of Columbano too bituminous, and a little awkward in their sincerity. Condeixa likewise exhibits portraits, two of them, in addition to his Vasco da Gama.

The list of awards of the silver medals is, naturally, headed by that of a royal exhibitor, the reigning king, Dom Carlos I,—who might possibly be said to succeed better as a painter than as a ruler, his large pastel, representing the hauling in the nets of a fleet of fishing boats, treating very well a most difficult painting subject, in pastels or in any other medium. The science of drawing and composition displayed in this work is quite remarkable. Two other painters have been thus rewarded by the Exposition jury, José Malhoa and Carlos Reis,—Senhor José Julio da Souza Pinto, whose name is more familiar to foreigners than that of any other of his fellow-artists, being *Hors Concours*. The number of bronze medals distributed among the Portuguese painters is eight; and of the sculptors, Antonio Teixeira Lopez has been awarded a Grand Prix. It may be remarked, in surveying this presumably carefully selected representative collection of the contemporary national art,—of which so little is generally known north of the Pyrenees,—that the history, the tendencies, or even the general characteristics, of the national literature, do not seem to be reflected in the painting and sculpture. We are assured that the abundance of the poetical production in Portugal is almost incredible; but the art exhibits are usually severely practical, and the few examples of imaginative work that appear are of a very thin stream of inspiration indeed. The nation, in the great domain of general speculation, has been obliged to submit in the present century to the influences of France and Germany; it has had, "like them, and after them" (we quote from a long résumé of the contemporary national literature by Senhor Louis-Pilate de Brinn' Gaubast), "its littérateurs Romantic, Ultra-Romantic, Parnassian, Naturalist, Symbolist (or *néphélibates*), and its thinkers Monists and Positivists. But this fact, a logical consequence of the conditions of the intellectual life in surroundings which are in so many respects unfavorable to it, is in no wise significative either of any congenital inferiority or of any real defect in originality;—the contemporary literature of Portugal—which I should be rather tempted to reproach

with its predilection for the themes of an excessive nationalism, and at times of a narrow provincialism of the district or the parish—is also as peculiarly 'original' as a contemporary literature can be; the contrary assertion would not be justified unless the artistic formulas or the philosophical methods had been by it applied to the choice of forms or of subjects incompatible with the specific genius distinctly proper to the race. It will be seen that this is not true for any of the great writers whom I have named. . . ." Now, the "*aucune note originale*" is the general condemnation of the painting and the sculpture in this section of the Grand Palais.

Souza Pinto, Columbano, Salgado, Malhoa, Keil, Da Cunha, and Pinto appear to be the most interesting of these painters, quite a number of

whom have received their technical education in Parisian ateliers. Salgado was a pupil of MM. Cabanel, Cormon, and Delaunay, and has been twice medalled at the Salons; Souza Pinto, who is a native of the Azores, was an élève of the Academy of Porto, and of Cabanel; he received a second-class medal at the Exposition of 1889, and is Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Antonio-Candido da Cunha was a pupil of Marques d'Oliveira, Jean-Paul Laurens, and Benjamin Constant; Columbano, on the contrary, born in Lisbon, studied his art only in the School of Fine Arts of that capital. The work of the most widely known of all these painters is marked by very considerable versatility in the themes, if not in the treatment, as may be seen in his ten paintings in these galleries, and it is generally appreciated in foreign exhibitions; from a rather foolish English critic we learn that "the dreamy light in which Souza Pinto, a native of Portugal, bathes his figures is not less delightful than the distinction of his handling, which together make his pictures—a sort of mixture of the manner of Mr. George Clausen and M. Boutet de Monvel—stand out from their surroundings." The Parisian experts praise his *finesse* and the justness of his renderings of *plein air;* a certain suavity and neatness of color and finish characterize all his paintings. Of his exhibit here, there may be noticed the *Dans l'Eau*, a pleasing little canvas, a pretty study of the back of a nude young girl at the edge of the forest, *Chloé Enfant*, standing doubtfully on the brink of a pool; two rustic scenes, a peasant boy under a chestnut-tree, and two of his elders sitting comfortably before their fireplace; and a family group on the sea beach, anxiously watching the return of the fishing boats. Of Malhoa's six pictures, the *Potiers* is probably the most solidly painted, but two others at least possess artistic interest,—the *Bread Market* and the *Bleaching the Linen.* The former is one of those intelligent painter's records of scenes of daily life, interesting as examples of skilful and discriminating technique, and invaluable as documents for the future historians of the lives of the peoples of the earth; the second, more interesting from the first point of

JOSÉ VELLOZO SALGADO

VASCO DA GAMA
DELIVERING THE LETTER OF KING
MANOEL OF PORTUGAL TO THE
ZAMORIN OF CALICUT

PHOTOGRAVURE

VASCO DA GAMA
DELIVERING THE LETTER OF KING
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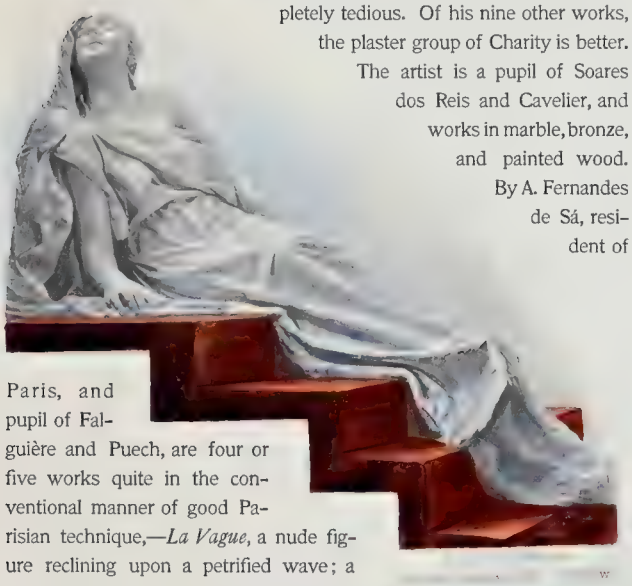
view at least, presents a few figures scattered over those wide waste places, gray and barren, so characteristic of the landscapes of Spain and Portugal, and so admirably exploited by Doré, for the first time apparently, in his incomparable illustrations of *Don Quixote.* Senhor Malhoa has not seen them with so keen an artist's eye, but he has done well.

More good landscape studies may be found in the exhibits of Da Cunha, and Alfredo Keil, both of them rewarded with bronze medals; Alberto Pinto, pupil of the Portuguese Academy of the Fine Arts; Julio Ramos, of Marques d'Oliveira, of Laurens and Constant; and Adolpho Rodrigues, of MM. Chaves and Laurens, all three of them with bronze medals, render scenes of rustic life, peasants and fishermen, some of them in Brittany, with perhaps not too much of that "provincialism of the district or the parish" which their compatriot finds in the contemporary literature. There is also a Manuel Henrique Pinto, pupil of Senhor Th. José d'Annunciacão, who paints with great spirit and appreciation, and on a scale suited to a more imposing theme, the approach of an old peasant woman about to feed her pigs, the greedy and vivacious heads of her protégés appearing above the low wall of their pen. José Brito, bronze medallist, pupil of Lefebvre, Constant, and Laurens, occupies himself with more lofty subjects, such as a scene from the tortures of the Inquisition and an allegory of Truth and Fable. In the latter, the naked verity, holding her mirror, sits humbly on the ground in a ruined place that does duty for her traditional well, while her, generally successful, rival, much bedecked, approaches, and kindly offers to cover her nudity. In the *Martyr of Fanaticism,* rendered with quite sufficient forcefulness, the executioner is about to apply the red-hot iron to the soles of the feet of the victim, while the Mother Superior sits and looks on. We may imagine this picture playing a not unimportant part in the anti-clerical agitation which still prevails in the little kingdom under the opposing influences of the reigning royal couple.

One of the silver medals awarded to the painters of this nation has been given to Carlos Reis, professor at the School of Fine Arts in Lisbon, and pupil of Silva Porto. His exhibit includes landscapes and portraits, two of the latter being of his mother, a very old lady in spectacles, presented first in profile and then in full face; in the last, much the larger and more important picture of the two, she sits muffled up in a high chair, by the side of a handsome cabinet, the light catching on her glasses in such a manner as to give her an uncanny and witch-like aspect. The painting is not of large size, and is very carefully finished; the trick of expression makes it one of the most notable in the galleries, all the more so that the character and extreme age of the sitter are well suggested. The painter also exhibits a handsome example of the society portrait, a Madame M . . . in her *robe de bal.* By the Countess do Alto Mearim are two or three portraits of interest, one of a very old hidalgo in a fine large ruff, and with his two hands in front of him on the hilt of his sword; the same accomplished lady also sends a very good pastel in a long, handsome wooden frame, the head and arms of a nun, whom she calls Sœur Marianne, holding a miniature in front of her and contemplating it in a sort of religious ecstasy. The color, and the technical execution of this, and the attitude and character, all contribute to make the work interesting. The same *religieuse* appears also among the studies of heads contributed by D. Emilia-Santos Braga, one of the best painted of which is the portrait of *Varina, Fishwife,* in the unbecoming native headdress. Another titled exhibitor is the Viscountess de Sistello, of Rio Janeiro, living in Paris, pupil of Bouguereau, Ferrier, and others, with a pretty feminine talent. Of the more strictly atmospheric studies, in which the attempt is made primarily to render in a broad way the effects of light and air,—and which are in general not too successful, owing to a certain prevalent heaviness of hand and opacity of tones,—one of the best is the wide composition of Arthur Prat, a Brazilian, representing the gathering of cockle-shell fish in the shallow inlets on the sea borders of the province of Douro.

The sculptors exhibiting here are a dozen in number, one of whom, Lopez, as already stated, having received a Grand Prix. His most noticeable work is a colossal draped figure of Sorrow, in plaster, reclining upon a flight of four real wooden steps, very well modelled, but otherwise completely tedious. Of his nine other works, the plaster group of Charity is better. The artist is a pupil of Soares dos Reis and Cavelier, and works in marble, bronze, and painted wood. By A. Fernandes de Sá, resident of Paris, and pupil of Falguière and Puech, are four or five works quite in the conventional manner of good Parisian technique,—*La Vague*, a nude figure reclining upon a petrified wave; a Ganymede, carried away by the eagle in the usual impossible manner, a *tête d'expression*, portrait busts, and a realistic study of the head of an old woman that, good as it is, quite yields in forcefulness and artistic value to a dreadful little statuette, in plaster, by Francesco-Pereira-da-Silva Gouveia. In this dramatic and masterful little figure the sculptor has carried out, on a very much smaller



scale, and in a more sculptural manner, the theme of *La Vieille Heaulmière*, from Villon's ballad, which Rodin has so laboriously wrought out in his life-size, seated statue in the Luxembourg,—the lamentable and unsightly ruin presented by the naked body of a very old woman:

> "So fadeth all the beauty of us,
> The arms made short, the hands made lean,
> The shoulders bowed and ruinous,
> The breasts, alack! all fallen in;
> The flanks, too, like the breasts, gone thin! . . ."

as Swinburne translates it. This capable sculptor lives in Paris, and had for masters Rodin, Falguière, Injalbert, Puech, and Rolard.

From a long and learned review of the history of the development of the fine arts in Portugal, by Senhor Domingos Guimarães, we gather much information concerning this national school which figures so little in contemporary galleries and cyclopædias. The author writes with a certain enthusiasm, quite excusable in a scholar whose theme thus lends itself to patriotic impulse; and he finds abundant justification for the comparatively minor position occupied by the contemporary art of his country. "But very few nations," he says, "have encountered as many obstacles to the spontaneous development of the arts as has Portugal,—incessant invasions, long wars, before the culmination in the expulsion of the Moors, the domination—during entire centuries—of a brutalizing and ferocious Catholicism, all seemed to conspire against this unfortunate country. But, if it be true, as Viollet-le-Duc asserts, that a people is so much better endowed, from an æsthetic point of view, when it is formed from the most diverse elements, and especially if it is composed of a fusion of the Aryan race with the Semitic, then is Portugal, in this respect, preëminently favored. To the original, more or less primitive, inhabitants of the country, Celts, Iberians, Lusitanians, came to unite themselves successively the Phenicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans,

DOM CARLOS I, KING OF PORTUGAL

MADREGAL FISHERMEN HAULING THEIR NETS

PHOTOGRAVURE

the Goths, the Arabs, and each one of these elements has contributed its portion to the Portuguese temperament. From the Lusitanian it has inherited the amorous poetry, the indomitable spirit of independence; from the Phenician, the passion for the sea and for distant adventures; from the Greek, the Olympian cult for the form; from the Celt, the dreamy idealism; from the Arab, fatalism; from the Roman, the love of order and of elegance.

"Nature has placed at the service of this people, rendered so apt by its origin for artistic creation, the most admirable materials that can serve for the realization of masterpieces,—the fine alabasters of Moncorvo, the white marbles of Cintra, the polychrome marbles of the Arrabida, the soft stone of Ança, the handsome granites, bluish and so strong to resist, of the northern provinces. She offers to the artist the beauty, quite psychical, of the Portuguese woman, and invites him to perpetuate the amorous caress of her brown eyes, enigmatic and velvety, the incomparable grace of her smile of tenderness; she offers him also the melancholy beauty of the rustic landscapes."

The very first manifestations of the national art appear at the period when the nation itself was first taking form and shape, in the beginning of the seventh century. Before even that date, there were not wanting traces of an early art impulse: the Lusitanians, before the Roman occupation, executed works of pottery, objects in ceramics or in bronze, which are thought to present strong analogies with those of the sarcophagi of the tombs of Mycene. After the seventh century, the needs of the national defence, of maintaining the territory conquered from the Arabs, prevented the development of any art other than the rude one exemplified in the fortified dwellings of the period, in the heavy square towers and crenelated walls imposed even upon the monasteries, basilicas, and churches; in painting, there were only religious pictures, in which the queen, Saint Isabella, appeared as the Virgin, and the Prince Royal, Dom Affonso, as the infant Saviour; later, this prince and his son Dom Pedro

were figured as the Wise Men. One of the very earliest of the names which have been preserved of the painters who disengaged their art from these routines is that of Nuno Gonçalves, who worked in the manner of the masters of the ancient Byzantine style; in sculpture, the national art has distinguished itself, it is thought, beyond that of any other nation, at all epochs, in the tombs and sarcophagi, especially those of the Gothic period and of the style *manuelino.* The brief duration of the Gothic in Portugal, according to our author, was due to the incompatibility of this northern art with the sunnier and more genial climate of the Peninsula. The fruitful Renaissance movement, which took its name from the King Manoel, made itself felt not only in architecture and sculpture, but in all the arts, painting, stained glass, tapestries, goldsmiths' work, painted work for altars and furniture, statuary for mausoleums, and illumination of missals. The tapestries, like the paintings, recorded the triumphant progress of the great navigators around the globe; but, unfortunately, the greater number of these old tapestries, including the famous "Series of the Indies," perished in the great earthquake of 1759. Only those that had been taken to Spain by the Duke of Olivares have been preserved.

In the reign of Dom João II appeared Vasco Fernandes, who was called *Grão Vasco* (the Great Vasco) because of his talent and the influence which he exercised upon the Portuguese painting of his time. Senhor Guimarães styles him the chief of the primitive national school. Some of his pictures have been preserved, a *Saint Peter,* a *Saint Sebastian,* "much more tinctured with humanity than the *Saint Sebastian* of Perugino," and a great *Calvary,* considered his masterpiece. From as early as the thirteenth century the Portuguese had maintained very important commercial relations with Flanders, and these relations were naturally greatly increased in the era of the discoveries which brought into the little kingdom so much of the gold of the New World. The influence exercised by the Portuguese upon the Flemings "was infinitely superior to that exercised by the Flemings upon them;" as testified to by the laces of Bruges and

of Brussels. "The artistic talent of the Portuguese gave to the tissues, the embroideries, and the laces, which the navigators brought back from India, Persia, China, and Benguela, a peculiar style and character. . . . The traditions of these artistic industries still subsist, and still to-day

magnificent embroideries are produced in the Azores, in Madeira, and the laces of Peniche, Setubal, and Vianna yet enjoy a great reputation." A striking analogy, it is thought, may be discovered between the schools of painting of Portugal and of Flanders; Van Eyck, Christopher of Utrecht, and Anthony Moor, all visited Portugal, and many of the painters of the Peninsular kingdom went to the Flemish masters to learn their art. "On the wooden panels of the Gothic paintings of the rivals of Van Eyck, of Memling, of Quentin Matsys, of Van der Weiden, of Lucas

van Leyden, in the admirable canvases of the church of the Paradis at Evora (*The Life of the Virgin*), of the cathedral of the same city, in those of Thomar, of Espinheiro, of the Madre de Deus, in the medallions of Santa-Cruz, in all the accumulated treasures of the museum of Lisbon, we may see displayed all the poetry and all the mildness of the Portuguese soul. Everywhere the national traits are plainly visible. They have, in common with the primitives of Flanders, the modelling, the perfection of sumptuous draperies and rich jewels, the immense perspectives, and the taste for architectural decorations; but the color is less pale and more vigorous." A celebrated painting, the *Misericordia* of Porto, usually attributed to Van Eyck or to Holbein, the author thinks should rather be ascribed to one of the pupils of Grão Vasco,—in front of a great marble basin, the upper rim of which is ornamented with arabesques in low relief, kneel the king, Dom Manoel, his second wife, and their children, and a multitude of worshippers, church prelates, nuns, and saints, surround the basin on all sides; from its centre rises the crucified figure of the Saviour, the blood dripping from His wounds, and on each side, on the carved rim, stand the Virgin and Saint John, likewise in adoration.

"Painting had already attained a high state of development in Portugal;—in addition to the numerous pictures in the churches and monasteries, there were in the country many fine collections and galleries of paintings filled with Portuguese, Flemish, and Italian masterpieces. The number of painters and sculptors in Lisbon was more than two hundred, and Portugal maintained in Paris more than fifty *pensionnaires*.

"At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Flemish schools lose all national character, the mild hieratic art of their figure pieces, and begin to imitate the Italians. Francisco da Hollanda, a Portuguese painter and illuminator, is, in Rome, the intimate friend of Michael Angelo, and one of the intimate friends of the beautiful and chaste Vittoria Colonna, Marquise de Pescara. Italy sends to Portugal Sansovino and Lucca della Robbia, and Portugal sends to Rome a number of painters, among whom

JOSÉ MALHOA

BLEACHING THE LINEN

ETCHED BY EUGENE DECISY

are Fernando Gomez, Francisco Vanegas, Manuel Campello, Diogo Reinoza, the author of the *Nativity*, Amaro do Valle, he of *The Manger*, Christovam Lopez, Andrea Gonçalvez, and Gaspar Diaz, called 'The Portuguese Raphael,' whose admirable painting, *The Descent of the Holy Ghost*, reveals a colorist of the style of Rubens, but of a more poetic feeling.

"But the Inquisition smothers in two centuries of darkness all the artistic productivity of Portugal. The architecture passes from the *manuelino* to the cold and sombre style of the Philips, strongly marked in the cloisters of Thomar and of the Bacalhoa, or to an Italian style solemn and uninspired.

"The brilliant inspiration of the preceding century still manifests itself in the work of the painters Diogo Pereira, José d'Avellar (*Jesus Among the Doctors*), Bento Coelho, the Portuguese Tintoretto (*Judith and Holophernes*, *The Last Supper*), Claudio Coelho (*The Procession of the Sacred Relics*, in the Escurial), Velasco Luzitano with his *Pentecost* and his *Saint Sebastian*, magnificent in color and expression, Marcos da Cruz, the painter of the celebrated *Saint Mary Magdalen*, Pedro Alexandrino (*The Saviour of the World*), and Affonso Sanchez Coelho, whom King Philip of Spain entitled 'The Portuguese Titian.' But, dating from this period, the religious subjects and the historical compositions disappeared, to give place to mythological themes destitute of all expression and of all grandeur; portrait painting alone, the last resource, testified to the persistence of the Portuguese character. At the period of the greatest splendor of the Spanish school, by the side of Velasquez, of Zurbaran, and of Murillo, there shone a Portuguese sculptor, Manuel Pereira, the author of the *Saint Bruno* of the Chartreuse del Paular, which is now in the Academy of San Fernando. This Portuguese artist may be considered as the rival of the great Spanish sculptor Alonso Cano, of Juan Montañez, of Pedro de Mena. Thanks to the protection extended to the arts by Dom João, and thanks also to the gold of Brazil which permitted him to realize his dream of pompous ostentation in imitation of Louis XIV, the monotony of the national art was finally

broken. The king loved the enormous and the magnificent. Taking for his model Saint Peter's at Rome, he caused to be built the Estrella, a convent which, notwithstanding its Rococo air, is, with its dome and its façade sculptured by Giusti, an imposing temple. He caused to be erected, in rivalry of the Escurial, the colossal mass of the Mafra, with its gigantic patriarchs, its altar-screens of precious white marbles set in bronze mouldings, its five thousand two hundred doors and windows, and in the construction of which twenty-five thousand workmen toiled during three years; he enriched the church of São Roque with the splendid chapel of São João, and caused to arise, in the dead and icy plain of Queluz, a grandiose palace with fabulous parks and gardens, fountains and jets of water, cascades and statues, which might pretend to be the Portuguese Versailles.

"The style of the Jesuits, heavy and massive, and the Italian taste, predominate, combined with French architecture; nevertheless, the lines and forms still present something which is peculiarly characteristic of the country. The *azulejos* give to the buildings an ineffaceable accent. Portuguese art then abandoned the Arab *azulejo*, polychromatic, with reliefs in brilliant colors and in enamels with lively metallic reflections, in order

to create a particular type, blue and white, quite in harmony with the sky of Portugal, and in which the singular decorative talent of the artists finds free play in the smiling landscapes, in the touching monastic legends and the numerous themes of the religious life, or of the life of the Court. The greater number of the superb state carriages possessed by the Portuguese Court and the Museum of Lisbon date from this period. It is a collection of great triumphal chariots, all gilded and ornamented with majestic allegorical figures, of sedan chairs, of carriages with rich carvings in wood, decorated with paintings and sculptures, which, from the seventeenth century to the present day, have served for the ceremonials of the royal marriages. Dom João V sent to Rome several artists, and among them Vieira Luzitano, an amorous and truculent character, whose life was a romance. His *Saint Anthony Preaching to the Fish, Inèz de Castro*, and *Saint Francis*, are the work of a classic painter, but one whose coloring is warm and whose design is ample and vigorous.

"With the Marquis de Pombal and the expulsion of the Jesuits, took birth the great artistic renaissance of the eighteenth century. A new architectural style arose, banishing completely the Rococo and the monastic, and strongly inspired by the national genius, which—more or less vigorously—had always continued to assert itself. The lower portion of the city of Lisbon, destroyed by the earthquake, was entirely reconstructed by the architects Eugenio da Carvalho and Ricardo dos Santos in a style the grandeur and the harmony of which are most strongly evident on the Praça do Commercio, on which arise the Ministries and the triumphal arch of the Augusta avenue. Sculpture received a new and powerful impulse. Machado da Castro executed the equestrian monument of Dom José I, one of the most imposing in Europe, and gave to the *Sacred Mangers*, an Italian invention, in combination with the profusion of ornamentation and the touching charm of the little figures, an entirely individual character. The sculpture work in terra-cotta, and the wood-carving, which had produced the charming and delicate

collection of the Madre de Deus, included, in addition to that signal artist, Faustino Rodrigues, Antonio Ferreira, and Manuel Teixera. The fine examples of wood-carving, an art so characteristic of the countries of clear light, are numerous in Portugal, and of great richness. The seventeenth century had produced the polychromatic bas-reliefs of Bouro and of Tibaês; the eighteenth century offers to us the altars of San Francisco and of the cathedral, of Porto, as well as the gilded carvings of the library of Coimbra.

"In painting, artists of a superior talent arose, such as Domingos Sequeira and Vieira Portuense. The first of these is, after Grão Vasco, the most powerful artistic manifestation of Portugal. Before him, the painters displayed tenderness, grace, vigor, and majesty; with the author of the *Last Judgment* appear suddenly the dramatic sentiment, the action of pathos, passion carried even as far as the paroxysm,—*The Conversion of Saint Bruno*, sombre and profound, *The Death of Camoëns*, *The Adoration of the Magi*, *The Descent from the Cross*, a night effect in the manner of Rembrandt, are works produced by the ardent inspiration of a tragic genius, by an imagination haunted by visions and phantoms equal to those of Goya, or of Jerôme Bosch. We are indebted to him, moreover, for a number of designs in which he portrays for us all the social life of his time, with an incomparable intensity of vitality. Vieira Portuense presents a most striking contrast with him,—*Our Lady of Pity*, *The Descent from the Cross*, *Inèz de Castro*, are the lyric effusions of a poet's soul. Virgins and all womankind find in him a sympathetic interpreter who records with feeling their gentle beauty, their candor, and their melancholy charm.

"This brings us to the Romantic period. And, notwithstanding that Herculano and Garrett combat openly the dead forms of Classicism, the painters continue to follow literally the academic canons, patterning themselves on the manner of David. Of this period, we retain only the name of an excellent sculptor, João José Braga, whose talent displays its

MANUEL-HENRIQUE PINTO

FEEDING-TIME

PHOTOGRAVURE

greatest superiority in the modelling of infantine forms. His *Menino dormindo*, in the Museum of Porto, is delightful.

"It was reserved for Naturalism to stir up an unhoped-for movement of an artistic renaissance. Thomaz José d'Annunciacão had already attracted attention as an excellent animal painter; the unfortunate Antonio Alves Teixeira, the *Vizella*, with his paintings of contemporary manners and customs, in the Museum of Porto, confirmed the promise of a brilliant future, and Miguel Lupi, with his great canvases, the *Rebuilding of Lisbon*, the *Departure of Vasco da Gama*, revived the grand traditions of historic painting. But the renewers of the art of Portugal were principally Soares dos Reis and Silva Porto. Nearly all the artists of this period are under the influence of French art; but it must be said that this influence is most frequently confined to the technique. The pensionnaires whom the State sends to Paris, there to study in the museums and in the principal ateliers, to strengthen, in the midst of the agitating and combative influences of the French capital, their artistic temperament, know how, in time, to enfranchise themselves from the alien tutelage.

"Silva Porto is the supreme interpreter of the Portuguese landscape. In his paintings, full of temperament, of a great vigor of execution, are reflected the religious taciturnity, the gentle naïveté, the melancholy poetry of the country-side,—*O Campinos*, *A Volta para a arribana*, *A Barca de passagem*, *Conduzindo o rebanho*, *As Ceifeiras*, are his most typical works.

"Henrique Pouzão is an eccentric landscapist, amorous, above all, of color. Xavier Pinheiro excels in his sunsets, to which he gives a penetrating melancholy; José Malhoa, in the pictures of rustic scenes and sunny landscapes.

"Antonio José da Costa, Mesdames Maria Bordallo, Munró, and Greno paint flowers brilliantly, as does José Queiroz still-life; José Brito gives evidence in his *Martyrio do fanatismo* of a vigorous personality. In Carlos Reis the violence of a powerful and ardent colorist asserts itself;

his *Olaia em flor* renders a warm and delightful effect of light. Jorge Collaço is the painter of mad cavalcades, of dazzling Arab fantasias. Velloso Salgado is an artist endowed with an unquiet sensitiveness and with a dreamy imagination. Condeixa, Adolpho Rodrigues, Almeida e Silva, and Moura are known as excellent figure painters. Eugenio Moreira is the radiant adolescence of an artist. Candido da Cunha is a magnificent landscape painter, full of sentiment tender and profound. João Galhardo, Ezekiel, Julio Ramos, and Conceicão Silva close, with Marques d'Oliveira, the brilliant phalanx of landscape painters. The pictures of Marques d'Oliveira, *Graças a Deus*, *Esperando os barcos*, are superb bits, but it is above all in the interpretation of the landscape that are manifested the painful subjectiveness, the idealizing rusticity, the soul *couleur de rose*, of this lyric poet of the fields. [None of the works of this painter appear at the Paris Exposition.]

"Carneiro Junior is a portrait painter full of character; Villaça, José Raphael, Rodrigo Soares, Antonio Ribeiro, are distinguished as decorative painters. The Viscountess of Sistello and the Countess of Alto Mearim give evidence also of artistic temperaments. Souza Pinto, of the virile palette, is a sober and exact interpreter of the sea-folk, of old people and of little children,—*A volta dos barcos*, *O concerto do bote*, *As cuecas rotas*, *Nos campos*, and *A'barreira* are all little jewels. Columbano is not only the greatest painter of Portugal, but also, incontestably, of all the Spains,—his *Allegories* of the Museum of Artillery, his *Camões e as Tagides*, are grand pieces, powerful in effect. To him, also, are due some remarkable portraits, strongly expressive of the inner life, such as those of Anthero do Quental, of Taborda, of Eça de Queiroz, and of the Count of Arnoso. His is a sombre genius, like unto that of Velasquez.

"Among the painters in oil and in water-colors, skilful in rendering the enchantment of the landscapes, the limpid waters of the streams, the mild blue of the gulfs, or the beaches with golden sands, we will mention Hogan, Casanova, Gameiro, João Vaz, Thomaz de Mello, and, over all, the

king, Dom Carlos I, an eminent pastellist, whose marines, with their red lightings of conflagration, with the black waters of shipwrecks, denote an epic poet of the sea.

"In sculpture, we will name first Soares dos Reis, whose *The Exiled* and *The Souvenir*, two melancholy companion figures, are works of the first importance. Soares dos Reis is the greatest Portuguese sculptor, he in whose work there is, as it were, incorporated the melancholy temperament of the race. Seated upon a rock, a nude young man, his hands clasped at his side, looks at the waves, into which his tears fall; his drooping head expresses in an admirable pose a whole poem of solitude, of heartbreaking distress, and of silent despair. Such is *The Exiled*. *The Souvenir* (*A Saudade*) is symbolized by a young woman who is the exquisite incarnation of the soft Portuguese beauty. Standing, enveloped in chaste draperies which she partly supports with her left hand, the head resting lightly upon the right hand, the eyes drowned in the vague far-away, she allows her thoughts to wander toward an infinite of vanished dreams. In the other works of Soares dos Reis,—*Art in Infancy*, a vision of supreme grace; *The Wild Flower*, a human rose made marble; *The Abandoned*,—in his admirable busts, there is to be found all the energy of modelling, the warmth of the feature, the harmony of the line, and, above all, that sombre melancholy which inevitably conducted to suicide him whom the master Mercié, his companion in Rome and his friend, considered the most gifted temperament of his generation. [This artist is, also, quite unrepresented in Paris.]

"After him, we will cite Victor Bastos and Simões d'Almeida, the author of *Puberty*, a statue of an enchanting grace; Queiroz Ribeiro and his admirable *Vasco da Gama*, his *Religious Ecstasy*, of a mysticism so well accentuated; Fernandes de Sá, who has exhibited a *Ganymede* of a handsome, harmonious composition, filled with the warm breath of life; Thomaz Costa, the severely tried and amorous Parnassian of the line, whose marbles are real poems of Banville, with golden rhymes; Francisco

Gouveia and his *Béatrix of Portugal*, of an exquisite fineness and grace; Costa Motta, of a learned execution; Augusto Santos, a misanthropic poet reared in a lucid dream; Teixeira Lopez, the author of *A Rainha Santa Isabel*, a candid and gentle figure, and of the *Viuva*, a resigned mother with a sorrowful countenance, who presents her thin bosom to her infant, while her dolorous regard seems to wander through an empty world.

"Among the architects, there may be named Thomaz Soller (*The Bourse of Porto*), José Luiz Monteiro (*The Central Station of Lisbon*), Ventura Terra, Adães Bermudes, José Alexandre Soares, and Marques Silva; and, as the lawful heir of the glorious traditions of our art of inlaid work and cabinet-making, the master Leandro Braga, wood-carver and *décorateur-ébéniste*. Finally, Raphael Bordallo, the caricaturist, rival of the Daumiers and Gavarnis, whose ardent imagination is the younger sister of that of Gustave Doré, and who, having thrown down the crayon to take up the roughing chisel of the sculptor, has equally renewed the wonder-working ceramic art of Portugal, and created real masterpieces of immortal and resplendent beauty. It is with his name that we will close triumphantly our résumé."

With this somewhat unduly enthusiastic summing-up of the national art may be compared the general conclusions reached by an intelligent foreigner, M. Charles Yriarte, in a series of articles on the important retrospective exhibition of ornamental and decorative art, Spanish and Portuguese, inaugurated in Lisbon in January, 1882. He, also, declared it to be undeniably the fact that in their general characteristics the arts of Portugal bore the imprint of the various elements borrowed from the divers peoples which had formed the nation, and those which constitute its neighbors; and that the national architecture, and even the minor arts, had taken on a special individuality and distinguishing characteristics only after the great historical development of the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. Until then, the nation had presented only the various conflicting tendencies of the races that disputed

JOSE BRITO

FABLE AND TRUTH

PHOTOGRAVURE

its control; and any indication of an intellectual life, or of an artistic vitality, that might appear, was always borrowed from abroad. "At the close of the sixteenth century, and during the seventeenth, the influence of Italy was paramount; but in the department of historical portraiture, the Spanish domination was supreme. Sanchez Coelho appeared, and an entire school acknowledged his lead. The radiant, free, sensual, unprejudiced art of the Italians, with its frank paganism, could not develop among a people acquainted with the sombre Inquisition; nevertheless, the artistic traditions survived, and it was still to Italy that went to study the few artists able to follow their profession in the calamitous times that followed the splendors of Dom Manoel and of João III. In the Museum of Lisbon are still preserved a large number of copies from the museums of Rome and of the Vatican, executed at this period by Portuguese painters. Even the Caracci and the Bolognese found followers; then, our French relations exercised in their turn an influence on all the artists of the seventeenth century, as did also our architecture. Philippe de Champaigne, Rigaud, Sébastien Bourdon, are imitated in those numerous square portraits, at half length, always dignified and somewhat severe, in which the native painters preserved the care for the accessories. In historical painting, and in easel pictures, the choice of subjects was always extremely restricted by fear of the Holy Office; and, in fact, it was the sixteenth century, rather than this one, which produced historic subjects in connection with religious compositions. Bento Coelho, Diogo Pereira, Gioseffo D'Avellar, Manoel Pereira, are the illustrious names of the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth, there remain scarcely anything but portraiture and a superannuated mythology somewhat in the manner of Albani. The evil days have come; it is difficult even to maintain life; and when courage revives at the voice of Pombal, the impoverished, devastated country, which has seen all the sources of artistic production dry up, begins to borrow our French modes and our Rococo gallantry; to which it adds, later, a touch of foreignness brought from

abroad, and a *tarabiscoté* which reveals its native origin." The national genius, he considers, is revealed more particularly in the minor arts; the peculiar character of the people appears in a certain confusion and abundance and tendency toward an excess of richness and plethora of forms,—this is evident in various periods, in different centuries. "Whenever Portugal adopts a style, it multiplies it by one factor, and doubles and triples the proportions: . . . if, in asserting their nationality in the relatively complete expression of their art, the Portuguese have displayed an exuberance of imagination and an excessive adaptability in following accidental currents, it is none the less true that they have produced a form peculiar to themselves."

THE ART OF THE CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN STATES

In the introduction to the official catalogue of *Groupe II, Œuvres d'Art* of the Exposition, a list is given of all the countries which are represented in this important section. "In 1889, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, the United States, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Norway, the Netherlands, Roumania, Russia, Servia, Sweden, Switzerland, Luxembourg, the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador,

San Salvador, Uruguay, produced in the Champ-de-Mars the works of their best artists. In 1900, it is necessary to add to this list Japan, Mexico, Peru, Portugal, and Nicaragua; and there are to be deducted the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Uruguay, and Nicaragua, which, not being represented by delegated commissioners, form La Section Internationale des Beaux-Arts, under the roof of which Turkey and Peru have been specially authorized to exhibit the works of their artists. In fact, it may be said that the artists of the entire world have given each other rendezvous at Paris, and that the examination of their works, whether in the Grand Palais of the Champs-Elysées or in the various pavilions of the respective governments, will constitute a precious means of education which the public—prepared by the numerous partial exhibitions and by a training of very conscientious art criticism—has never been better fitted to receive." The art of the minor Central and South American States is represented in these various buildings in very varying scales, Mexico, Peru, and Ecuador making the most important demonstration, though the first-named figures in the Grand Palais only with three landscapes and marines, by two painters. In her own national pavilion, however,—with the exception of the buildings of Ecuador and Peru, the only ones erected by any of these States,—there is an interesting little section of the fine arts, with works by some dozen or fifteen native painters, sculptors, pastellists, and water-colorists, all of them, it may be remarked, pupils of the Parisian schools and ateliers. Nicaragua exhibits only one work, a portrait by Roberto Lewis, living in Paris, and a pupil of Bonnat; Peru, in the Grand Palais, presents the work of four painters, one of whom, at least, Albert Lynch, enjoys an international reputation, and of two sculptors,—twenty-seven works in all. All these six artists are residents of Paris, and have consequently absorbed much of the contemporary French technique. In the Section Internationale, also in the Grand Palais, may be found the paintings of three natives of Brazil, of one of Buenos Ayres, of three of Chili, of one of Uruguay, and three pieces by a Chilian sculptor. Most

ALBERT LYNCH

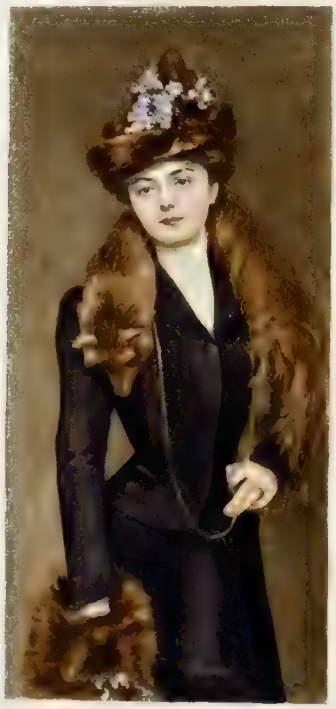
PORTRAIT

ETCHED BY LEON LAMBERT

of these live in Paris. On the Champ-de-Mars, Ecuador makes a complete display of paintings, designs, works of sculpture and wood-carving, and architectural designs and models,—no less than sixty-two exhibitors in all. In the Pavilion of Mexico, on the Quai d'Orsay, San Salvador exhibits a portrait of a woman and a bust in terra-cotta of a man, by Francisco R. de Urruela, born in that republic but living in Paris, and a pupil of Benjamin-Constant.

Though now so largely dominated by French traditions and methods, the art of Mexico, of Brazil, and probably of all the other South American States, was originally derived from Spain. It is, however, asserted by intelligent travellers in that country that the art of Mexico is by no means a pale imitation of the Spanish,—and, indeed, by at least one of these travellers, in 1893, that "no one can comprehend the Spanish school of painting who has not made a preliminary study, however cursory, of the galleries of the National School of the Fine Arts in the city of Mexico, the Escuela Nacional de Bellas Artes." Most of these republics send promising pupils to Paris and Rome to complete their technical education, by means of travelling scholarships, Prix de Rome, etc. The names that appear in the catalogues of the present Exposition are, with a very few exceptions, not those which figure in the art histories of these countries, or even those which appeared at the Chicago Fair in 1893, where there was an interesting little group of pictures from Brazil and Mexico. Of the latter country, the two painters who are represented at the Grand Palais do not seem to be Paris trained; Luis Jacoby y Gomez exhibits two marines, one by moonlight and one by morning light, and Eduardo de la Torre, a landscape in conventional daylight. In the national pavilion, the paintings, of all kinds, are by A. Fuster, Issaguire, Murillo, and Martinez; the sculptors are somewhat more interesting,—an allegorical group and busts by Morel and Antunanio, a monument to the memory of the poet Acuna, the work of Jésus Contreras, a bust of Madame Romero Rubio, etc., etc. All these are installed in the neat little art galleries, style

Empire, of the pavilion, in the centre of which, as a post of honor, rises the marble bust of Madame Porfirio Diaz, by Contreras,—the work of this sculptor being remarkable in that it has all been executed with the left hand only, his right arm having been lost in an accident. The pavilion itself is very different from that erected by this nation at the Exposition of 1889, to the west of the Eiffel Tower, and which will still be remembered by visitors to that great fête,—a restoration of an Aztec temple, the high, slate-colored walls, rising in impossibly steep steps, and surmounted by strange and forbidding statues of kings or divinities. To-day, as befits a modern and civilized nation, the representative building suggests a modern palace, in the style neo-Grec so prevalent in the Mexican capital, the principal façade, on the Seine, having a handsome loggia, three principal entrances opening on the quai, preceded by a perron flanked by sphinxes and by luxuriant exotic plants. In the interior, a vast salle, or hall, surrounded, at the height of the first floor, by an elliptical gallery, presents specimens and examples



of the arts and industries and products of the country, including, of course, a manufactory of cigarettes. The official inauguration of this pavilion, on the evening of the 26th of May, was marked by one of the many idiosyncrasies of the electrical service of the Exposition,—all the lights being suddenly extinguished without warning, and plunging guests, hosts, and domestics into a common confounding blackness. The architect of this building has for name Anza; that of the Aztec temple of 1889 was Antonio Penafiel. Mexico, in common with most of the South American States, is generally well represented by some of her citizens sojourning in Paris.

Of the three or four Brazilian painters whose works appear in the Section Internationale, only one or two are known in the United States, the most important of these being, probably, Pedro Weingartner, born in Rio-Grande-do-Sul, a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury, and at present living in Rome. His work, which ranges through a sufficiently wide field of subjects, classic themes, domestic genre with a touch of satire, etc., is marked by considerable ingenuity in arrangement and presentation of the types selected for his composition. At the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 he made a much more important exhibit than he does at Paris. At the former exhibition also appeared works by Professor Rodolpho Bernardelli, the Brazilian Commissioner of Fine Arts, who was also Director of the Fine Arts School of Rio de Janeiro, and who exhibited several pieces of sculpture in marble and bronze; Insley Pacheco presented a number of landscapes; Professor Brocos, portraits, landscapes, and figures; Henrique Bernardelli, figure subjects, etc. At Paris, Pedro Americo, pupil of Cognet, Horace Vernet, and Robert-Fleury, living in Florence, testifies his gratitude for his French training by sending a large canvas, much in the French official style, *Honneur et Patrie*, in which a conventional *Patrie*, with a conventional flying figure balancing heavy palm branches over her head, distributes the star of the Legion of Honor to appreciative soldiers, magistrates, and mechanics. Very different, and

bearing convincing testimony to the efficacy of the national art schools, are the two small canvases exhibited by Elysée Visconti, born in Rio de Janeiro, and trained only in the School of Fine Arts of that capital, though he now lives in Paris; his *Oreades* and *Melancholy* have a curious, delicate, artistic flavor that would make them noticeable in any national galleries. His mystical, olive-tinted young girl, seated in a shady wood and peered at by the inquisitive white birds, hangs at the right of a doorway in one of the lower galleries, and arrests the steps of even the most hurried visitor, if he have any appreciation whatever of the things worth stopping for. The discriminating jury has awarded this painter a silver medal.

Of the artists of Chili, the best known are Pedro Lira, director of the School of Fine Arts at Santiago, and Santiago Arcos, whom we have already seen exhibiting in the Spanish section, but who is a native of Santiago. Like so many others, he left his birthplace to study abroad; his masters were Raimundo de Madrazo and Léon Bonnat; at Paris and Madrid his work is recognized and appreciated, and he was represented in the collection of the American, Mr. Wm. H. Stewart, by a sleeping buffoon, painted at the instigation of that gentleman, who happened to see the tipsy model, in costume, snoring on the artist's studio table. The painter's first important exhibit was a large canvas, *The Elopement of Chloris*, in 1873; subsequently he contributed a number of portraits to the Paris Salons. At Madrid, in an apartment of the royal palace, is his *Philip the Second of the Escurial*, which was medalled, and purchased by the king. Pedro Lira also is indebted to the French school for his technical education, having resided in Paris for a number of years, and having had for masters Luminais and Elie Delaunay, the influence of the latter being thought to be particularly conspicuous in his work, as in his painting of *Sisyphus*, exhibited in 1893, after having been long matured. It is probable, however, that the French master would have made something more of this particular theme than a very good "academy" with a

DANIEL HERNANDEZ

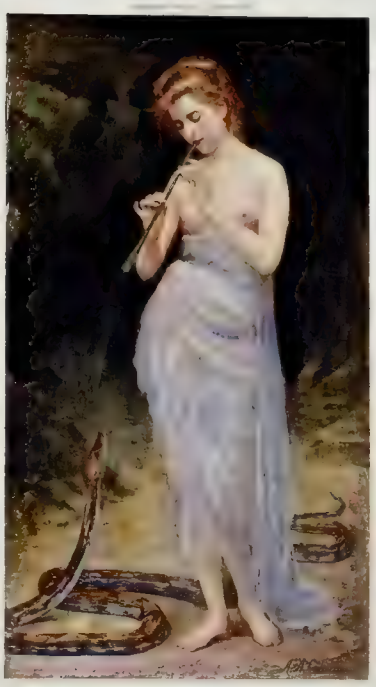
"LOVE IS OFTEN CRUEL"

PHOTOGRAVURE

somewhat conventional background. At the Salon of 1882, Lira exhibited a *Cain* which was favorably received by the French critics, and engraved; the painter was awarded a Mention Honorable, and at the Exposition Universelle of 1889 he received a silver medal, so that he is Hors Concours at the Salons. His appointment to the honorable post of Director of the Santiago School of Fine Arts was considered to mark a revival of the artistic movement in Chili, following, as it did, the successful revolution of 1893. Soon after this triumph, Señor Mochi, the acting director of the school, died, and, instead of opening a competition to determine the choice of a successor to this post, as had been the custom, Señor Lira was appointed. The wisdom of this selection was speedily apparent, and the results extended quite beyond the bounds of the institution with which he was directly connected. The very next Salon, or annual exhibition of works of art, held in the capital, was declared to be much the best that had ever been seen; and the example spread to other cities,—Valparaiso organized a similar annual exhibition, under the patronage of the municipal authorities, and the third city of the nation, Concepçion, followed this example. Señor Lira, also, drew up and presented to the Government a project for the creation of a national museum, and another for the establishment of courses of study in the applied arts, in the introduction of artistic methods in industrial processes; in his own sphere of personal action, he abolished the system of conventional concours for the Prix de Paris and de Rome, and established, instead, regulations by which, in addition to other methods of examination, each competitor exhibited a series of his studies and his works, so that a comprehensive judgment could be formed of his individual aptitudes and talent. This was quite in line with the modern theories of not submitting each aspirant to the same academic routine, but of allowing each one to develop along his own methods and theories. The *servum pecus* of the imitators held no place in the system of this intelligent director.

One of his most important works is a series of four mural paintings for as many triangular pendentives in a church in Santiago, and for which he selected as his theme the representation of the flight of the archangels. In this very difficult task he was thought to have displayed all the science and artistic inspiration that characterized his *Cain* of the Salon of 1882. M. Paul Leroi, who has seen the cartoons for these pendentives, praises them cordially. "The majestic flight of the archangels is rendered with a fine spontaneity; the movement, very courageous in conception, has in it nothing forced; it is very natural in character; the foreshortenings, which are numerous, have in no wise the air of being introduced for the purpose of displaying the artist's knowledge,—on the contrary, he has been able to preserve a justness and moderation in each one of these noble figures. Señor Lira has, in short, acquitted himself with very great honor in one of the most difficult of enterprises. It is fortunate for Chili that, in its capital, the artistic instruction has been confided to an artist of such merit." His three paintings seen at the Exposition scarcely seem to bear out this high praise,—his technique is sound, and he has evidently profited greatly by his opportunities in the Parisian ateliers, but the inspiration that can justly portray archangels is not very evident in his *Childhood of Giotto, Praying Hermit,* and portrait. Much the same general observation may be made concerning the exhibits of the three other Chilian artists in this Section Internationale,—Juan-Francisco Gonzalez sends two landscapes and a street scene; Juan-Eduardo Harris, living in Paris, and formerly a pupil of Jean-Paul Laurens, a *Matinée,* in a theatre, and an immense lamp-lit scene in the great drama of adultery; and the sculptor, Simon Gonzalez, also domiciled in Paris, pupil of Injalbert and Roubaud, three figures: an infant, a beggar, and an allegory. Señor Harris's *Matinée* is presented with great ingenuity and skill in the selecting and grouping of his audience, and in depicting its various shades of mirth; the problem of painting all these active figures in these cross lights is one that might appall the bravest. The tragic bed-chamber scene in his

Law of Honor is also rendered with great justness of tones and values, and the story is very clearly told by the valise just dropped in the hall outside the door, the gloves on the floor, the pistol, and the surprised guilty couple. But it is a clever scene from an unusually realistic work of the contemporary French drama; of the bigness, the truly artistic conception, of this sordid tragedy, the artist has but little insight. The sculptor, Gonzalez, received a Mention Honorable at the Salon of 1893 for a terra-cotta bust and his *Pouting Infant* shown here; Lira has been awarded one of the bronze medals of the Exposition.



Of the two other South American artists in this International Section of the Grand Palais, Juan M. Blanes, born in Uruguay, but living in Paris, paints an allegorical composition of sufficient clearness, *The Soul's Enemies;* and Severo Rodriguez-Etchart, another Parisian, born in Buenos Ayres, a portrait of a handsome lady in an evening dress, standing, looking at the spectator,

and smiling,—a trifle tight and hard in the smile, but eminently suggestive of life and animation, and with a certain style and intelligence about her that make her undeniably desirable. In the wilderness of well-painted portraits in these galleries, it is a good deal thus to compel us to stop and admire. Very different are the serene portraits of the well-known Peruvian artist, so long domiciled in Paris, Albert Lynch, known in New York as well,—the painter of pretty, white-muslin, heroines, who yet, generally, by some saving grace in the artist's presentations, escape the conventionally pretty and sentimental. Sometimes the margin of escape is but narrow, and sometimes the separating distance is great; but it is a very delicate and refined talent that can thus portray this sweet seriousness satisfactorily. Of his three or four portraits shown here, the gentle *Parisienne*, in her street dress, hat, and muff and "boa," is something of a variation; the more usual type is represented by the lady in white, with a tennis racquet, in a garden, or the young girl, in her virginal gown, holding a big bouquet as she knocks at the chamber door. This last is a quite excellent presentation of conventional Youth,—but M. Lynch's society portraits, of adults and minors, are by no means always of this high level. Of his pretty, semi-decorative paintings which have given so much pleasure at the annual Salons, one of the best and most characteristic appears here in the Peruvian exhibit, *Le Soir*,—holding the skirts of her summer lawns in one hand and a great bunch of poppies in the other, she comes toward us across the evening grass, her face very serious under the brim of her big summer hat, a very charming young person. The artist exhibits also his most important composition so far, Manon Lescaut and her lover in the boat that is carrying them to the ship of exile, but in which the interest is confined almost wholly to the pretty, grave face of the unlucky heroine. The painter, who had already to his credit a third-class medal in 1890 and a first-class one in 1892, has been awarded the Exposition gold medal.

JUAN-EDUARDO HARRIS

THE LAW OF HONOR

PHOTOGRAVURE

He is one of the exhibitors at the annual exhibitions of the Société Internationale, founded in Paris in 1883, in the hope, perhaps, as has been suggested, of infusing some new blood into the decadent contemporary Parisian art, of inspiring painters and connoisseurs with broader and wholesomer views by the contemplation of the still virile and individual art of the stranger! The object of the society, as stated in the first catalogue, was to establish an annual exhibition "*d'un caractère purement artistique*, embracing the works of a limited number of eminent painters." This number was limited to twelve, three of whom were to be French and members of the Institut. This remarkable deference paid to foreign art by Parisian excited much comment, and the annual exhibitions of the Society have become fashionable, one of the features of the social life of the capital, but their character has been seriously modified. At first, the results were excellent,—there were to be seen Jules Dupré, Baudry, Gérôme, and Alfred Stevens, inviting De Nittis in Italy, Israëls in Holland, Bogoluboff and Pokinotow in Russia, Alma-Tadema and Millais in England, Knaus and Menzel in Germany, Madrazo in Spain, Charlemont in Austria, Wahlberg in Sweden, and courteously "effacing themselves" before these distinguished guests. The following year, Cabanel, Hébert, and Robert-Fleury invited Whistler and Munkácsy. In the course of fifteen years, these international gatherings had become so widely recognized that the names of the most talented painters, at home and abroad, appeared in the Society's catalogues; it was found necessary to limit the number of members to thirty-three, in order not to become a mere Salon on a smaller scale, and to be able to place their exhibits on the walls of the Georges Petit galleries. But the proportion of foreigners had greatly diminished; instead of three French artists inviting eight strangers to exhibit, as formerly, twenty-five Frenchmen requested seven aliens to contribute. And of these latter, many were artists, like Lynch, alien apparently only by accident of birth. But the exhibitions still continue to be greatly in favor

as exhibitions among the most ingenious of the *chercheurs de formule nouvelle.*

Of the *Parisienne* of our Peruvian painter, which appeared at the exhibition of 1899, and of his talent in general, M. Léon David said, with considerable discrimination: "It is possible not to be at all enamored of the painting, a trifle too pretty and precise, of M. Lynch; but the good qualities of his portraits must be recognized. His *Parisienne* is a type of a very general class, and it is no slight merit to have thus easily, and without any literary pretensions, risen from the individual to the general. The tonality is pleasant, of a charm somewhat too much like that of the *modiste*, and which comports well with the subject; the perceiving is just, if it be admitted that just perception in matters of art is that common to the bourgeois. The head is exceedingly well modelled in fine shadows, and discreetly brought out from the background; there is here a quality rare among the portrait painters, that of forming a good composition,—the general line is harmonious. Unfortunately, the body which belongs to this charming head does not even suggest itself.

"The portrait of the lady *en plein air* has the same qualities of generalizing in the type and in the grace, but there is no atmosphere around her. It is a fact that the painting of the Impressionists has too thoroughly converted us to the perception of true color, as modified by the light and the reflections from neighboring objects, for us not to be vexed at having painted for our benefit in a studio light a lady in white playing at tennis."

There are three other painters, and a sculptor or two, in this Peruvian section; Abelar do Alvarez Calderon, pupil of Jules Lefebvre and Raphael Collin, lives in London, and paints portrait and genre with technical ability, but without any particular individuality,—as witness his young woman snake charmer, playing her pipe perfunctorily to an attentive serpent. Daniel Hernández and Inès Mercédès Sanz live in Paris; the latter is a pupil of Paul Thomas, and also exhibits portraits and genre pictures; the

former varies these somewhat conventional themes with such diversions as his study of a very pretty nude young person lying on her stomach and looking at the spectator; and with his large composition, painted somewhat too much in the very modern methods, in which we have portrayed various instances of the cruelty of lovers, as personified by groups of nude figures floating somewhere, apparently on the edge of a very small world, while in the tormented sky above, a blindfold Cupid appears, discharging his arrows at random. One of the sculptors, Alberto Pareja de Mijáres, pupil of Falguière, and domiciled in Paris, exhibits some plaster figures and groups, and has received the Honorable Mention of the Exposition. Of the sixty-two exhibitors in the galleries of Ecuador, in the garden of the Champ-de-Mars, but very few appear to have been trained abroad, or to reside elsewhere than in their own cities,—in Quito, Guayaquil, Cuenca, etc. The building in which these works of art appear is to be transported to Guayaquil, and there reërected at the close of the Exposition. The Peruvian pavilion, in the Rue des Nations, is to be taken to Lima, to serve as a museum. The art of all these nations—like that of others—naturally partakes largely of the main characteristics of their culture and general civilization, of which we have, from travellers and visitors, the usual Anglo-Saxon reports on Spanish Americans. There is but little appreciation of the truly artistic, and but little display of cultured taste; a general preference for that which is showy and apparently expensive; "the Argentines and Chilians in particular are fond of ostentation and novelty; they are rich, and given to liberal expenditure; above all, they have a great aptitude for imitation;" "the superficial, one-sided education of the Venezuelan girls" impresses the discriminating visitor "sadly;" "people are never in a hurry in these parts; everybody is content to wait, smoke, talk politics, and drink *copitas*—that is to say, little glasses of 'something to take.'" The universities and schools "are inferior to ours, but many young men study in Europe and North America, and many girls are sent to Trinidad to school, where they learn specially

to speak French;" in the country districts, and even in the poorer quarters of the cities, of Venezuela, the children up to twelve years of age frequently go, or went, about quite in a state of nature,—it is not so many years ago that the little son of the President received his father's guests at a ball, dressed merely in a new pair of elegant red boots imported from Paris; "the Argentines are forty years behind the States, and if they had not the finest soil the sun shines on, they would never be able to live, farming as they do now. Why, sir, they sow maize broadcast, and then simply loaf and suck *maté* until the time comes to take in a splendid crop, which they have never even looked at since they put the seed in the ground." The art museums and public monuments are generally but pale reflexes of the art of Europe,—as in the statue of Columbus, at Colon, presented to the United States of Colombia by the Empress Eugénie, representing the great navigator protecting the Republic, which, as an Indian girl, crouches under his sheltering arm; or in the statue of Washington, in the Plaza Bolivar in Caracas, alternately adorned with floral wreaths by the loyal Venezuelans, or insulted, according to the mutations of the great Pan-American policy. It is from Mexico alone that we hear occasionally stories of wonderful old masters, Titians or Murillos, discovered by adventurous explorers in forgotten monasteries in desperate and remote localities.

The latter country possesses in the galleries of the Academy of Noble Art, commonly called the Academy of San Carlo, founded in the city of Mexico in 1783, a representative collection of the national art, brought together during the presidency of Bernardo Couto, previous to 1860. This was effected largely through the efforts of the President of the Republic and of the Director of the School of Painting, Pelegrin Clave, a Catalan painter of distinction, aided by the contributions of citizens and of the religious institutions, especially of those of the plateau of the city of Mexico. The Academy, which is richly endowed, was able to purchase other pictures, and numerous additions have since been

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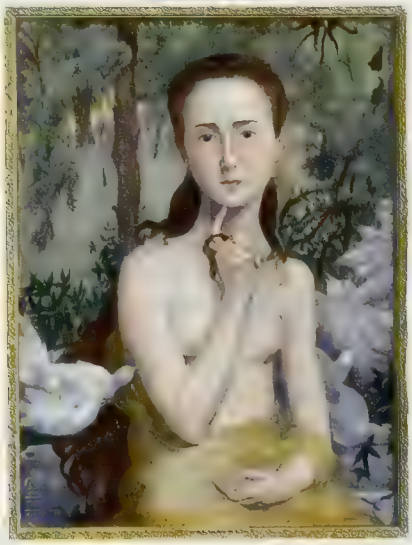
made; so that at present there are two large salons filled with the best examples of old Mexican art. The works of the early Spanish painters who first came to the country, are thought to show the influences of the school of Van Eyck, and of the Venetian school of the Bellinis, and of Titian in his first manner, with traces of the Florentines, though each painter displays in his works a certain individuality of his own. These influences are the more easily discernible, since, with only one or two exceptions, none of them shows any evidence of being in any way affected by the beauty of the native scenery and the peculiar vegetation and topography of the country, though they lived and died there. All devoted themselves to portraying incidents in the lives of Christ, of the Virgin, and of the saints; and the peculiar characteristic of their art seems to be the vigor of characterization of the heads. The oldest picture in this collection is by Alonzo Vasquez, who came from Spain to Mexico during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and who died at the commencement of the seventeenth. It represents the Ascension of the Virgin, and, though of very large size, is painted on a panel. The artist next in point of age and talent was Baltazar de Echave, whose earliest work is dated 1603. It is thought that he may have worked in the atelier of Vasquez when he first arrived in Mexico from his native province of Guipuzcoa, in Spain, where, according to tradition, he received instruction in his art from a young girl named La Sumaya, whom he afterward married, and to whom is attributed the *San Sebastian* over the Altar of Pardon in the Cathedral of the city of Mexico. Of the work of her pupil and husband, the Academy contains at least a dozen examples.

Contemporary with these, or somewhat preceding them, was Sebastian Arteaga, who arrived from Spain in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and whose influence upon the architecture and painting of the country was so strong that he is considered to have been the founder of these arts here. Preceding him was Rodrigo di Cifuentes, who, it is believed, arrived in New Spain as early as 1523, and painted portraits

of Cortés; and the Franciscan, Fray Pedro de Gante, who founded the College of San Juan de Letran, in which he established departments of music and drawing. This was the parent art school of Mexico. The present academy of the fine arts was founded in accordance with the king's approval, as expressed in royal orders dated December 25, 1783, and it was formally inaugurated, November 4, 1785, under the name of the Academia de las Nobles Artes de San Carlos de la Nueva España. Its first professors, sent from Spain, were the painter Aguirre and the architect and painter Velazquez.



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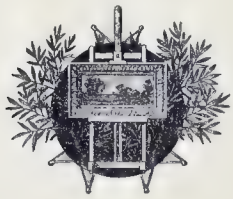


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